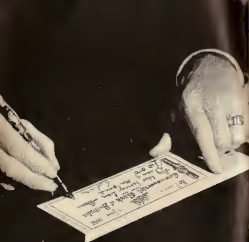


CAVALCADE

JULY 1942. PRICE 1





Money

IS THE MEANS—

Victory, THE END!

CAVALCADE

Publisher R. G. Mears Editor R. S. Clark Assistant A. I. Mears

★ CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1942 ★



ARTICLES

Man of Millions	Russell S. Clark	64
What Happened to George?	M. E. Upward	72
What Are We Fighting For?	Professor A. P. Elkin	74
Roomed in the Making	Nathan Broch	80
John Citizen's View (C)	M. E. Upward	88

MY DAY TO HOWL

Gilbert Anzureser Says What He Thinks	4-10
---	------

CARTOONS

Pages	7, 29, 32, 70, 71, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 86, 87, 89, 91, 93
-------------	---

CANBERRA

Review and Illustrations	10-25
--------------------------------	-------

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A History with Pen and Brush	35-40
------------------------------------	-------

PACIFIC

Review and Illustrations	41-48
--------------------------------	-------

INTERNATIONAL

Review and Illustrations	49
--------------------------------	----

DEPARTMENTS

Books	96
History in the Making	96-100
Pot Pourri	102

The Gun is at your head



Save, Slave and Shut-up

TIME IS SHORT

★ **CAVALCADE** ★

"Cavalcade" can be interpreted in many ways. It is a literary device, a means of literary expression and a method of presenting the meaning of a situation.



Editorial ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

If leaders take out great doses of "soothing syrup" in times of stress, press and public rise in angry indignation to slay them.

Sometimes, on the other hand, a realistic leader with his eyes firmly fixed on current events, gives out a picture of the true, dangerous position, finds himself being flayed for painting "a too-sombre view."

This happened last month to Australia's pushful, hard-slogging, totally realistic Prime Minister John Curtin.

On Wednesday, 17 June, at 7:30 p.m., Prime Minister Curtin went before a microphone to tell his people a few home truths. Said he: "Parliament was told that events were imminent which might very well shake the world. Some of those events are now in process of taking place."

"Russia is fighting for her very existence . . . It must be plain that a complete setback for the Allied forces in the Middle East would have a grave effect on Australia . . . I say boldly it is possible that Australia can be lost . . ."

For two days after that, Prime

Minister Curtin was "roasted" by too-sourbe-criticism from the U.S., which was taken up by some sycophantic Australian newspapers.

The unrevealed gist of their squeals: "Don't make things so gloomy, old man, just to fill a loam. Try something else."

Strangest feature about this criticism is that most, if not all newspapers already knew that the British were crumbling in Libya, that that was why Prime Minister Curtin had taken such a realistic line.

Fact is, there has been no single move, measure, or pronouncement more praiseworthy in Australia's political history than John Curtin's forthright call to arms on Wednesday, 17 June. He knew the true facts behind Cairo's syrupy gibbering and tried to tell them to his people as plainly as strong hinting could do the job.

For his pains, he got scurrilous thanks, where he should have got the undying gratitude of all those who profess to want to know "just where they stand and just what is going on."



My Day.... TO HOWL

By Colonel GILBERT ARNOLD

... NEW IDEALS

As everyone who reads a newspaper knows, there was some argument, amounting to a barney last month, between a Sydney newspaper on the one hand, and the Federal Houses (Senate and Representatives) on the other.

This happened because the newspaper published an article which held the Senate up to ridicule—to put it in its blondest terms.

Like everyone else, I intend to avoid getting into any argument as to whether the article in question was or was not scurrilous, and unworthy of a responsible newspaper.

That is not the argument at all—and no one wants to argue about it anyway. The convenient vehicle for avoiding this argument is to say, simply, "We deplore the principle of burning that is involved—there are other means of redress"—which is as good a way as any of throwing a stone onto someone's roof and shouting for your life.

But your correspondent intends

to go a little farther than this.

He intends to come right out into the open and say that this, an argument with a lot of other evidences and incidents, is symptomatic of a fairly widespread journalistic disease.

If the press wishes to retain its prestige and its privileges—and I am speaking broadly now and not referring to any particular sheet—it is time the press got itself a new set of morals. It looks down to that.

... INSTANCES

I can quote innumerable instances to illustrate my meaning—because I refer not only to Canberra, but to the whole field of press-work.

One or two will suffice.

A few weeks back, one of the solidest and most reliable of Sydney's papersmen (a member of the *Sydney Morning Herald*) was deplored just this lack of morals over a cup of coffee. (Although you may find it difficult to accept, journalists do drink innocuous beverages sometimes).

He said, "I had to attend one

of —'s (a Federal Minister) press conferences recently. I was a bit late getting there, and as I sat down I said, 'I'm sorry I'm late, sir. It was unavoidable!'

"I noticed that most of the others cocked a quizzical eyebrow at me, but didn't take much stock of it until afterwards.

"Outside, some of them said, 'What's the idea of all this stinking coffee?'—calling him by his Christian name. 'You know him as well as we do. You call him by his Christian name.'

"Quite so—I do, just as most of us do when we're having a drink with him. But there is a thing called respect—at least for the man's office—and it ought to be observed... and strictly observed at that."

There is one symptom. That journalism is quite right—and it's refreshing to meet one who still has a sense of perspective.

Actually, the principle of calling a Minister—or even a cabinet-member—on a formal or official occasion—by his Christian name is wrong. They don't mind it, of course; they're ordinary men, and human beings like everyone else. But it is still wrong.



... REACTION

Here is another symptom. It came from a friend of mine who is also a Parliamentarian, during the course of a conversation about the press generally.

"There was a time," he said, "when the press played a very important part in the government of the country."

"If you were unsure of the reaction of public opinion to any particular move or measure, you could ask the press for their opinion—and sometimes, even, for their advice on the matter."

This is quite natural and in order. Because no other organization has its finger so firmly on the public's day-to-day pulse. And, in the event of an important measure which the public must accept for its own general welfare, that same press can lead them gently into it with a minimum of bother.

"But you can't do that any more," he continued quietly. "You run the risk of waking up to find that your queries have been splashed in type an inch high, and featured as evidence of your rank incredulity."

"Not all of them would do that, of course. But some..."

(This conversation had no reference to the recent trouble with the *Telegraph*. It took place many weeks ago).

... INTERNATIONAL

In the international field the symptoms are the same. There are newspapers that will print anything and everything sensational (which re-introduces my old bugbear: speculation on the news dressed up as hard news-facts) so

long as they sell a greater number of copies than the most acute deer.

Nearly every occasional battle during the past two years has heralded "The turning-point of the war." Very often it did not even have to be a battle. A reasonably large air-raid over the Continent serves quite well, or the acquisition of a new ally (large or small—it doesn't matter much).

Similarly, every battle, air-attack, or naval action has been the "finest in history." In every second engagement there have been more tanks, or men, or 'planes, or ships involved than in any other engagement in the history of warfare.

Obviously, with one or two exceptions, these are a string of gross exaggerations—to put it in its most charitable light.

As an illustration, I quote from a splashed report in *The Straits Budget* (Singapore), dated 30



October, 1941. Perhaps the correspondent was obliged either to write what he was told, or write nothing at all. I have no way of knowing. But I do know—as everyone knows—that we were lamentably short of air-support in Malaya.

However, here is what (in part)

he wrote: "As the first war correspondent to be allowed to see our secret air bases in the Malayan jungles, I bring you good news—there is no need to worry about the strength of the Air Force that will oppose the Japanese should they send their army and navy southwards. . . ."

"The Air Force is on the spot and is waiting for the enemy—clouds of bombers and fighters are hidden in the jungle and are ready to move out on to camouflaged harbours of our secret landing fields and roar into action at the first move of the Japanese towards this part of the world. . . ."

That—I think it will be generally agreed—was a slight overstatement of strength.

It might be necessary to say that I have not turned the scurvy trick of quoting this correspondent out of context in order to twist the meaning of his despatch to suit my purpose. It is a straight-forward piece; and those are the words he used in proving that we had "clouds" of 'planes in impenetrable Malaya.

Again, I have no argument with this correspondent—except that, in common with the war's-turning-point furthest-battle press he seems to have let his imagination bolt with him.

... SPECULATION

My views on journalistic speculation are too well known, and too frequently pumped to need recapitulation. Briefly, I insist that ninety-odd percent. of the public is unable to distinguish speculation from hard news—and should not



"Tut-tut . . . you may wear a red necktie to-day!"

have to worry their heads trying to do so anyway.

In its simplest terms, no newspaper has the right to say, "Japan Will Attack Siberia" unless it has certain, definite inside information that Japan will attack Siberia. If it comes to announce that, "Japan Might Attack Siberia" that is something different and considerably nearer the truth.

There was a first-class example of this recently when a newspaper (whose name I have—conveniently—forgotten) quoted Roosevelt as having rebuked an unnamed, unspecified person or persons for having prematurely divulged news of operations. The paper opined that this was aimed at John Curtin, Prime Minister of Australia.

Although every responsible pressman in Canberra agreed that this published opinion deserved only to be ignored, Mr. Curtin still felt himself forced into a position of having to deny it.

He said, "I have had no rebuke from the President of any sort or description about the leakage of news in my statements and there has been no divulging prematurely of operational news in my statements."

"I have repeatedly directed attention to items which have been published which I knew were matters which should not be published. I see no reason why I should put the cap on my head, and I know there is no reason why it should be applied to me."

"I am quite convinced that no Australian pressman and no pressmen from any other country would face me with such an accusation,

notwithstanding countless interviews I have accorded to the accredited representatives of the press."

"It has been inferred that the news of General Douglas MacArthur's escape was due to a statement of mine. I am aware it was sent by a correspondent who ignored General MacArthur's wishes."

That was one of the most blatant and unwarranted pieces of speculation in a long while; unnecessary and completely unjustified.

All these are symptoms of a deeper disease. Perhaps none of these is of any great importance, taken singly. Mistakes and accidents will happen; and, substantially, the press and the great bulk of journalists have a fine perception of their great responsibility.

Nevertheless—as I think I have demonstrated—there are some unmistakable signs of weakness . . . deterioration, if you like. And, to my way of thinking, it's time we all had a cosy little get-together and thumped out a few elementary rules of behavior.

Because, as sure as God made little apples, unless that is done, and unless we live up fully to the standards the press has traditionally set itself, we are going to lose prestige—that is, more prestige. And with it will go privileges.

This is no attempt to belittle the press, or destroy public confidence in it. Broadly speaking, it is doing a fine, big job. But if that same press can so lavishly hand out criticism, it ought to be able to take it. You don't rail at a man



for ignoring his appendix; you criticise his foolishness and suggest an operation . . . and that is the purport of this short story.

(Footnote: Certain readers might wonder why I have taken conciliatory refuge in "conveniently avoiding" certain things, and "conveniently forgetting" others. The explanation is simple. Most journalism, due young, from overwork, undernourishment, hypnosis, or alcoholic poisoning. But, in the nature of things, if you live long enough, you eventually gravitate through most, if not all newspaper offices. Editors have notoriously long memories—and don't do young Snooty or Lulu, you find yourself out of work and sitting quivering before the editor of the newspaper you have so valiantly criticised. He is likely to say, "Hah!" and rub his hands together. And when he says "Hah!" like that, the wall outside your kitchen door begins to yelp with anticipatory joy. You can hear him quite plainly. You will notice that everyone who has touched this question has "conveniently avoided" posting judgment. We are all human. I am more human than most.)

... SHORT MEMORIES

I am in possession of a most

interesting little document which someone should bring to the notice of the Japanese High Command.

Everyone who has been to Japan and visited the Earthquake Memorial Museum at Yokohama will recall it. It is handed to you as you go in.

It also says this:

"It was like a hideous nightmare, and people could not realise what had happened until they found themselves standing amid the smouldering ruins of their homes."

"Then followed those long, agonising hours of terror and suspense; uncertainty over the fate of their loved ones, worry over the future, and physical privation of the sort that makes the soldiers' life in the trenches seem comfortable by comparison."

"It was in this bleak hour that the people of Japan learned a great lesson—that man's love and sympathy for his fellow man does not limit itself to any race, creed or country."

"Not only from all parts of Japan, but from all parts of the world came relief funds and supplies and with these contributions the immediate crisis was passed."

"Such a generous response to their need was and is a tribute to man's love of man, and the Japanese people have never ceased to be grateful for this help."

"Our deep gratitude will remain always and to perpetuate it and to let our children's children know of it, we have erected this Earthquake Museum, dedicated with reverence to the memory of the unfortunate victims of this great catastrophe."



Canberra

A LAND WHERE THE LAWS OF A YOUNG, DEMOCRATIC PEOPLE
PLAIN WHERE THE WILL OF A WARRING NATION IS FORCED
OF FORGOTTEN PARLIAMENTARY BONES. IT IS THE THROBB-



ARE MADE; A GREAT CITY, SET AGAINST A GREEN, SOUTH
AND OONE. CANBERRA IS NO LONGER A BLEAK WHITENESS
INC. CENTRAL POWERHOUSE OF A PEOPLE FIGHTING BACK.

...GRUELLING

For Prime Minister Curtin it was a gruelling month, a month of ups and downs, of hard work, of sweating, disappointment, small annoyances, big annoyances, a



FUGALITY SOONER
one to take the prize or blame
(See Page 26)

month of meetings, broadcasts, conferences, appeals, consultations, routine slogging of hammering out policy, putting a hundred things on their right rails and pushing them off to a start.

If he stopped to look back, the varied, unnumberable things he did would perhaps surprise even John Curtin himself, a little.

He made upwards of 30 statements and speeches—some of them long enough to keep him talking

for more than half an hour, many others of a secret and confidential nature (War Cabinet, War Council, Trades Union Conference) that were longer, unrecorded.

Yet that is only a small, minor part of his job.

Brief excerpts from some of them:

JUNE 4 (Statement in the House of Representatives): "There is a rising spirit of aggressiveness among the Allied Nations based on confidence in the growing strength of our arms. We are now able to exchange blow for blow with the enemy, and we feel the better for it. While we know that he still has plenty of fight, we can begin to see his weak spots."

"We believe that when the full weight of America's war potential is translated into actual terms of manpower and equipment, we shall sweep forward irresistibly to a victory which will enable us to establish the foundations of a lasting peace."

JUNE 5: "A certain number of Australian airmen, who have been on active service against the enemy in Europe and other theatres, are now returning to Australia. They are taking up new battle stations in the north."

JUNE 6: "This day, a week ago, the Ministers of the Commonwealth Government, representatives of the coal owners and representatives of the Coal and Shale Miners' Federation completed an agreement to enable maximum coal production to be attained."

"I am sticking to that agree-

ment and expect all the parties to it to do the same..."

JUNE 8 (Second Liberty Loan): "Every citizen of the Commonwealth should to-day take steps to purchase at least a £10 bond in the Second Liberty Loan as a thanksgiving that the second term of attack attempted against our soil has, temporarily, at least, been beaten off."

JUNE 11 (Second Liberty Loan): "We are in a tight spot from which we will escape only if we prove ourselves worthy. So far we have been able to hold off the enemy... We cannot contemplate failure. This money must be

found. A million a day at least is needed to pay for the war..."

"I expect Australia to give a demonstration of solidarity in rallying to its support. I make no threats. I imply none. But I do say that Australians cannot risk letting Australia down."

JUNE 12 (Second Liberty Loan): "Fighting and working, giving without stint, supporting with deeds and sustained devotion—these are the attributes required of you and me..."

"It is for Australia that the call is made. It is for Australia that men are fighting and not an hour passes but somewhere lives



HARD-WORKING, straight-shooting Army Minister Forde in good shot with reports or resolved takes a sight. To him goes the honor of having organized the greatest, best-equipped army in the history of the Australian Commonwealth.

are given for our sake."

JUNE 19 (Trades Union Conference): "The Government, in devoting all its energies to the conduct of the war; to collaboration



PREMIER FORGAN SMITH

... ghosts of forgotten words came a-bouncing. (See Page 24)

with our Allies, to the difficulties of the Commander-in-Chief (General Douglas MacArthur) and to the almost insurmountable difficulties of supply, has a major pre-occupation.

"That being so, the Government has a right to say to the Trades Union Movement that it should declare that the machinery for dealing with claims and disputes is not good, or else use it. I think it is good, and I say to the Trades Unions: 'Use it?'"

JUNE 24 (Second Liberty Loan):

"Two weeks ago it seemed that the Second Liberty Loan was going to be a disappointment. . . To-day, I am happy to say that . . . the loan of £35,000,000 will be over-subscribed . . ."

... INTERLUDE

For his realistic bluntness in his 17 June, Second Liberty Loan speech, Prime Minister Curtin caught it hot and strong from critical United States newspapers, who thought he had been too somber, and from some Australian newspapers, who thought they would step along comfortably in the footsteps of their American counterparts: although they knew that the Libyan situation was deteriorating swiftly.

He had plenty on his mind already. Depressed because the Loan looked like flopping after the fashion of a winged duck, tired because of long working-hours, in none too good a state of health, annoyed by the blatantly unwarranted, undeserved, apparently irresponsible criticism, he needed rest.

Around his great, shaggy-topped table stood selected representatives of the Federal Parliamentary Press Gallery, pencils and folded paper-scraps poised, busily scribbling.

Prime Minister Curtin's room is a restful blue—blue carpet, blue leather arm-chairs and settees; sober, polished, paneled walls; wide windows that look out over the War Memorial, winter-

stripped trees, a panorama of wide, Australian plain.

In there it was quiet. While correspondents waited, they could hear only the low purr of air-conditioners. Even the potted palms in the room's corners seemed to be hushing.

At the Prime Minister's elbow stood his faithful, ultra-loyal Press Secretary Don Rogers—as indispensable as a book of reference, a veritable encyclopedia of detail to put in a word here, a word there, when it was needed, to jog his Prime Minister's memory unintentionally, clarify points, supply parallel cases of subjects under

discussion.

Such is the setting for a press conference.

At this one, Prime Minister Curtin sighed. "I intend to take a couple of days off," said he. "I'm tired. I'm going to play a bit of hoodle-doodle on the front lawn."

For some seconds no one wanted to betray his cynical ignorance by taking the nature of hoodle-doodle.

Then, at last, one correspondent rose to the bait. "Excuse me, sir—but what, exactly, is hoodle-doodle?"

Demanding the Prime Minister: "Good heavens—can't a Prime Minister (Turn to Page 20)



MR. ERSKINE ARRIVED BACK IN AUSTRALIA.

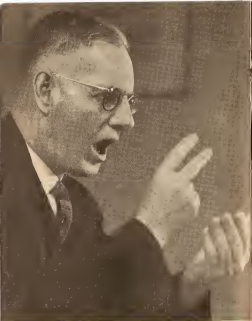
He was welcomed by (left to right) Senator the Hon. W. P. Ashley, Postmaster General, and Minister for Information, Raymond Brien East, Joint High Commissioner for the Pacific, the Hon. F. M. Doyle, Deputy Prime Minister and Minister for the Navy, the Hon. W. M. Hughes, Deputy Leader of Opposition and Member of War Council, Mr. W. J. Scott, Minister for Commerce.



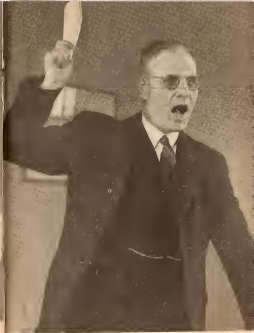
"I SAY FLATLY IT IS POSSIBLE AUSTRALIA CAN BE LOST



WE FACE INVASION, AND THE HORRORS THAT ACCOMPANY IT .



FIGHTING AND WORKING, GIVING WITHOUT STINT, SUPPORTING WITH DEEDS AND SUSTAINED DEVOTION . . .



THESE ARE THE ATTRIBUTES REQUIRED OF YOU AND ME . . . "

Minister have one secret to himself?"

(Explanatory note: "Huddle-doodle," apparently, is smooching around to see how the deities are coming on, lying on the back with



ECONOMIST GALIEN
as a member's move, so chips
(See Page 28)

a handkerchief or newspaper over the face, watching the progress of a woman burrowing itself a new home, listening to the birds, watching the antics of grubs, etc).

... SOUND ENGINEER

Prime Minister Curtin sat in a kindling blaze of white light, staring to Australia and a Cine-sound camera.

When it was finished, Press Secretary Donald Rogers called

the cameraman aside. Suggested he: "We'd better check back on the sound—just to make sure. The Prime Minister won't have time to make another recording if anything should have gone wrong."

That was a good idea. The cameraman called his sound engineer—one Arthur Brown, aged 16 years, and introduced him. "Arthur is doing a man's job," he said, "and doing it very well indeed, at that."

Few minutes later, Secretary Rogers was telling his chief about Arthur Brown, aged 16 years, and the job he was doing.

"Is that a fact?" said John Curtin. "I'd like to talk to him."

Again, another call went for Arthur Brown who, this time, was more shy, more confused, burning with pride. For a while the Prime Minister and the lad talked together.

The interview ended. Arthur Brown went away. But, in hearing of ubiquitous Secretary Rogers, he mumbled, "Mum will be pleased, but me brother won't believe it."

As he passes on everything of interest, good or bad, Secretary Rogers passed on this.

Prime Minister Curtin smiled. "We'll await that brother," he said. "We'll write Arthur a personal letter." Straightway he sat down and drafted his letter to Arthur Brown; a letter that did everything Arthur Brown could wish—re-congratulated him, re-affirmed their conversation, re-

wished him success in life.

Sequel: For Arthur Brown, a rise in wages; from Cassandri's chief to Canberra, a letter of thanks for the interest the Prime Minister had taken in the boy.

... TRAVELLER

In carefully-guarded secrecy, a big Allied plane took off from an Australian airport for a destination known only to a handful of high-ups.

Much of the apparatus of war had been dismantled from the plane and temporary seats installed to accommodate passengers in makeshift comfort for a long, hazardous, time-consuming flight.

Nor many years ago, this flight would have made air history, its

participants hailed as heroes. For it was bound for the United States, its route plotted over and over ocean miles, over a Pacific no longer peaceful.

To Australian Attorney-General Herbert Vere Evatt, the journey was an appointment with Destiny, with, perhaps a continent at stake.

Now, his mission ended, with a great responsibility discharged, world-traveller Evatt has returned to Australia, his coming meet widely heralded than his departure, three months ago.

Upon the broad, capable shoulders of Attorney-General Evatt, ex-High Court judge, newswriter to international politics, rested a task greater than that carried by



COUPON CABINET. (Left to right) Stanley I. Ambrose, Dr. H. C. Coombs, Commonwealth Director of Banknotes, Mr. A. W. Gould, Mr. W. V. McNeil, and to review problems arising through the introduction of note-bank (Official courtesy "Daily Mirror").

CANBERRA

any world-travelling Government spokesman in all the history of this virile, rapidly-growing Commonwealth.

To shaggy-haired, deceptively soft-spoken Attorney General



LABORITE CONNELAN

... as exchange of better placemaster (See Page 26)

Evatt went the duty of impressing on Allied leaders Australia's implacable determination to defend herself and the Democratic cause in the Pacific to the last bitter ditch.

To Evatt, too, went the duty of emphasizing the industrial potential, the geographical significance of Australia as a new front against the Axis hordes in the Pacific—a front which, reinforced by planes, equipment, men, was

the logical springboard for the offensive by which the Allies could regain their lost East.

In distant future, when events of to-day dwell in logical sequence for the dispassionate analysis of the historians, the role of Herbert Evatt's mission will be seen in its full, correct, special perspective.

For, in the persistent, tireless submission of his Government's viewpoint be introduced an urgent, forceful voice in the council chambers of the Allies.

For first time, too, Australia, in full stature of her Dominionhood was heard in London—as all her authority and wisdom as an elder member of an Empire family.

From news cables, praise of Evatt's work, came guarded but revealing hints of the magnitude of his mission. From Prime Minister Curtin himself came more informative hints. Said he, to Parliament: "Dr. Evatt received promises of material aid on which I am unable to elaborate at present. But they are a practical gesture of great significance to the Australian people."

At same time, John Curtin gave unstinting praise, recorded his Government's deep appreciation of the co-operation of Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt with Australia's envoy.

In his despatch case, well-guarded during his long flight home, Minister Evatt carried vital news for his Cabinet—news which elucidated and rounded out the

CANBERRA

day-to-day cables he had exchanged with his Government.

To Cabinet, Envoy Evatt related details of his firm submissions to secure an authoritative, direct voice for his country in Allied war-planning, and on organization controlling distribution of war materials.

No matter of words, he told also in graphic detail, his first interview with Richard Casey, then newly-designated as Australian Minister to Washington, to become British Minister in the Middle East.

Said Prime Minister Curtin: "Probably the greatest service Dr. Evatt rendered was the winning of sympathetic understanding of our viewpoint in Washington and

London. As I have indicated, there never was any real cause for doubt or misunderstanding, but I am happy to say that any trace of either has completely disappeared."

Significant words, these, to those who, unaccustomed to plain speaking from a Dominion Prime Minister, were disturbed six months ago by John Curtin's now famous "look-to-America" message.

How significant were these words in the context of history of the last six months only the future can reveal. Already, in the directive issued to General MacArthur, Prime Minister Curtin's contentions have been interpreted in principle.

In further proof of his judgment, the globe has been divided by Allied planners into areas for



AT CANBERRA, a Parliamentary member talks Treasurer Gifford's head—a head that is engaged elsewhere with public duties. Gifford is in his office, a thousand responsibilities . . . and the deep, well-kept circle of a new Empire.

Canberra, July, 1942 Page 22

grower facility in the war's higher direction, with Australia and the South-west Pacific area under operational care and responsibility of the U.S.

At the same time, Prime Minister Churchill of Britain gave the Australian Government assurance that this arrangement would not absolve the British Government from its determination and duty to come to our aid to best of its ability.

... WORDS

From the wheate-dry pages of "Hansard," dull Parliamentary chronicle, came half-forgotten words, to accuse Queensland Premier, Forgan Smith, of caprice.

Furious in his anger against Federal Treasurer Chifley's uniform tax plan, benevolent dictator Forgan Smith did not remember his own support of just such a scheme six years ago.

Upon those words, produced by people with longer memories than he, Premier Forgan Smith might well have his defeat in the Battle of Canberra.

In 1936 no World War threatened Premier Smith's stronghold in his northern stronghold-State. No hint of uniform taxation threatened his generous budgeting, based on incomes higher than those of any other State.

In 1936, therefore, Premier Smith saw no danger.

Therefore, when speaking on an Income Tax Bill, he used to tell his Parliament that: "Uniformity

in taxation is to be desired. It leads to uniformity in administration, and it is conducive to the benefit of all taxpayers."

Slick-fingered "Hansard" writers plundered this and more into the record, which, bound hand-some-ly in green calf, went to the libraries of the Commonwealth legislatures.

It was one of these volumes which gave up its secret in Canberra at a time when Treasurer Chifley needed it most. It was the ghosts of those words that came back to haunt him.

And, while Premier Smith's forgotten, no doubt lamented words were not published, there is strong evidence that they were shown around in places where they would do most good.

But Treasurer Chifley won the main battle: In caucus, and in the lobby. He had no need to recall Premier Smith's words to Federal Parliament.

... MANOEUVRE

Enrenched behind the legislative battlements of his northern State, Premier Smith threw out his challenge, touched off political salvos which burst with considerable concussion in Canberra.

To the Federal Capital came Labor Leaders Fallon and Bryan.

Their visit coincided with the officers of some Queensland Labor members, who found themselves divided between obedience to their party in Canberra and

TOUGH TRAINING FOR TROOPS



To avoid dangerous slowing down of mighty advances during an attack on enemy positions, a new speedy method of dealing with bushes and trees has been introduced into army training in Australia. Troops crashed the trees, tree crop laid to waste, clearing the rest of their path to gain through without delay. While this is going on, the two men at the ground are silent maintaining close eye on the enemy or else opening the gap with shot-swords. (Department of Information.)

CANBERRA

their political sponsors in their home State.

In the Caucus there were strong words; in the lobbies, words ran high enough to portend action.

Overzealously, a Queensland voter, close friend of Premier Smith, caught the arm of a Queensland Labor Minister, determinedly loyal to his Cabinet on the tax issue.

Friends intervened to calm hot tempers that up-flared.

Shouts fired in Caucus reverberated in Parliament as Queensland Laborites Connelan and Riordan paid allegiance to their State by striking the scheme, but not strongly enough to prevent their voting against it on the vital division.

For Labor dissenters it was a difficult debate. With full knowledge that their Caucus, elephant-like, never forgets, they were faced with the acute realization that defiance might mean quick relegation to the political limbo. They knew, too, that their membership of Federal Caucus largely depended upon their State Labor organisation.

In exchanges with outspoken cockfields member Rowley James, Queensland Connelan tested official party statements that Caucus had been unanimous on the tax plan.

With Laborite James he also exchanged bitter pleasantries on "party-cutting"—hard words when shattered between fellow Labor members.

White-faced, almost hysterically, tall, good-looking William

Riordan, normally firm supporter of the party line, attacked the scheme.

Hotly, Laborite Riordan and his Queensland colleague Martens denied that they had been browbeaten, or that Premier Smith had sent down his top-ranking men to run the steamroller over Queensland Labor members.

Not so powerful of Premier Smith, however, was Laborite James, who fears no one and the devil. Commented he tartly: "It appears that Premier Forgan Smith is filling the role of dictator of the Labor Party of Australia."

... TACTICS

To Treasurer Chifley, Opposition Leader Fadden, and former N.S.W. Minister—now up-and-coming Federalite, Eric Spooner, go bouquets for dexterous handling of a difficult situation.

To these three history will apportion praise or blame for the uniform tax scheme.

In the seemingly innocent sequence with which the uniform tax bill was presented to Parliament could be seen a plan which few Federal Members discovered.

With his carefully-drafted bill threatened by a section of his own party, Treasurer Chifley brought down first the machinery measure which transferred State tax-collecting organisations to the Commonwealth.

Then, Federal Parliament would have been faced almost with a fait accompli had it unthinkingly



THE WAR CHRISTENING OF SYDNEY

When it happened yesterday shelled sections suburbs of Sydney in June, there was little damage. Sydney's A.R.P. system got a five-days work and practically on a job. But it must have been worse, and Sydney's citizens know it. But they are still thinking the Japanese for the shelling. Labor it may prove of incalculable value.

passed the machinery bill, then jibbed on the tax bill.

Whatever results this might have had, the immediate effect would have been to leave the States without the staff and organisation to collect income tax.

In fact, so wide was the divergence of view that the Opposition avoided a split in its ranks only by declaring the question a non-party one, allowing members to vote as they personally wished.

Opposition Leader Fadden, strong supporter of uniformity in taxation, has an expert knowledge of taxation diseases which he gained through long years of accountancy practice.

Fortified by similar knowledge, Representative Spooner put it to good effect in the lucid report he helped prepare as a member of the Underpin Tax Committee.

Both found critics among members of their own parties. But, in the party room and in Parliament, their support of the plan was strong enough to rally more than sufficient votes necessary to permit Parliament to permit a national front on the issue.

The troubled uniform-tax period's history may well credit Opposition Leader Fadden with two of his best victories in the successful rearguard action he fought with a niggling party minority on the militia and tax issues last session.

Influenced by Conservative and die-hard State-righters, the Opposition parties forced nationally-minded Arthur Fadden to retreat

from his intention to give unqualified support to the Government on the tax plan.

But he secured adherence by the party to the uniformity principle, and accepted a direction to press again for the post-war credit scheme which was the basis of the budget on which his own Government perished last year.

...STRANDED

Professor L. F. Giblin, top-flight economist, financial adviser to the Federal Government, was in a predicament.

Accustomed to theoretical dealing in millions, red-crested, heavily-bearded, Professor Giblin found himself without chips in his pocket in the unsympathetic surroundings of Central Railway Station at half past five on a winter's morning.

For Economist Giblin, fresh out of Canberra on a Government mission, had packed nearly all his money with a changed suit at bottom of his suitcase.

To a suspicious booking-clerk with a hard, glinty eye, and an "Oh yeah!" expression, he told his tale. But the clerk had heard many such a tale, wanted money.

A little wild-eyed, fretful Professor Giblin proffered a fathal of postage stamps, - unsuccessfully sought cash in exchange.

At last minute, Economist Giblin was saved from embarrassment by an onlooker who recognised him, gave him a few shillings in exchange for his stamps.



"What is it?"



Australian Alpiners IN THE SYRIAN SNOWS

While war continues, Australians (left) are training for the winter of '41. They are now in the snows of Syria, where they are completing intensive training in ski technique. These

experienced alpinists show the specially formed A.L.F. units on maneuvers. The other was situated high in the Lebanon Range. Only those who were physically fit were selected from the volunteers. The formation of reconnaissance and fighting units was the objective, and the training covered everything above the snow line. 5000 ft. or above was the objective, and the training covered everything above the snow line. 5000 ft. or above was the objective, and the training covered everything above the snow line. 5000 ft. or above was the objective, and the training covered everything above the snow line.



"General Byrnes has just made his first error, and he's too stupid to tell. Wd you send the truth over?"



Section Three

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Running History of a Nation's Fight

... SEE-SAW

Australians were beginning to wonder just where they stood in relation to supplies of men and war-machines from across the water.

Newspaper reports conflicted, served only to confuse, fluctuated from day to day. One day, according to reports, hopes ran high; the materials of war, it appeared, would flow in a great, uninterrupted stream towards these shores. The next, prospects were not so bright. Again they would rise, again fall.

At month's end, no one seemed to know where the matter stood. In the U.S., leaders Churchill and Roosevelt were discussing matters of high import; some observers opined that maybe Australia and the whole south-west Pacific would get something out of this conference. Later, they thought perhaps not; if there was going to be a second feast most of the talking and planning would center around that. Late last month, Lend-Lease Missionary Wasserman, speaking at a luncheon given by the Australian-American Co-operation Movement that his president

(Franklin Roosevelt) and Secretary of State (Cordell Hull) were working all-out to give Australia full, adequate defence. Their greatest problem shipping.

In Australia, he said, he had seen a lot that was highly peace-worthy; Australians had built up tremendous munition plants whose surplus products could be used to supply Americans—thus relieving shipping.

There were plenty of good signs for the future of the Pacific—colossal plants which, come peace, could be diverted to the production of peacetime requirements; goodwill, freedom of exchange, a further peacetime development of Lend-Lease principles.

Said he: "Through the mechanism of the Lend-Lease, to which we are accustomed ourselves, we can create a free interchange of goods and services between the peoples of the world."

... JACKPOT

At the turn of the month, with June in sight, Japan's Premier, General Tojo, opened the Pacific Jackpot with a call to Australians.

To Australia, he had already



WHEN AUSTRALIANS BEACHED ITALIAN SUB.

Behind all the coast of Spain by two
Australian Sunderland Flying Boats, the
submarine was attacked with Gay's charges.
Charges from the first plane badly shook the
vessel, then one from the second Sunderland
landed her more right end of the water. The
submarine was later seen beached on the
Spanish coast.

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

addressed one or two rather pleading requests, inviting them to come over on to the side of night.

Said he: "Australians must look at the international situation, consider their geographical environment, and then courageously and speedily decide their most important step (by implication: decide to tie up with Japan)."

"As a result of the Coral Sea battle, the naval forces defending Australia have disappeared."

"There is now nothing to defend Australia against the onslaught of the Japanese forces."

Apparently it did not occur to Premier Tojo that "the naval forces defending Australia" were "disappearing" towards Midway Island to meet the Japanese fleet.

Advised he in a somewhat querulous tone: "Australians have always been resolved not merely to suffer, but to 'draw the consequences.'"

... BRUSH-UP

Army Minister Forde announced that he had received complaints that more discipline was needed.

Fact was, it did seem that a small minority was failing to live up to the best standards. He would look into the matter forthwith.

Meantime, as the month progressed, emphasis was falling more and more on discipline.

But one great thing Forde decided to effect was a smartening up of Australian uniforms. Far-

reaching will be the effect of this on discipline generally . . . discipline born of self-respect, Army Minister Forde has applied good psychology in this move. Results will quickly evidence the wisdom of the thing.

... SUBMARINES

It was an exciting beginning to June, 1942. On a crisp, still, moonlit Sunday night, midsize Japanese submarines moved their way stealthily into Sydney's world-famed harbor.

It was all over before most Sydneysiders knew what it was all about. Those near the water saw the fireworks, scarcely knew what to think. Most thought it was "a practice manoeuvre," or "some of the boys putting on a show."

For six months, Australian eyes had been fixed on the skies, waiting for Japanese bombers, expecting trouble to come that way. Now it was coming from below the sea, it did not add up.

Right under the perplexed noses of watchers, things were popping.

Searchlights swung into action; windows shook from the blast of depth-charges and guns.

Because no siren blew, most of Sydney's population slept on peacefully, without knowing that the war was blazing in their front garden, were completely staggered when their radio or newspapers told them next morning that:

"In an attempted submarine raid on Sydney three enemy midget sub-

(Turn to Page 40)



FORWARD BATTLE STATION

The great losses that to-day stand to in Australia are virtually exploding points of their country hitherto little known. Bush carriers are rumbling where once the only sound was the thumping of 'no tails.



"A LONG LINE OF BURNING SHIPS"

"I could see a long line of burning Japanese ships," said a naval aviator in a rescue party when his plane had been forced into the sea in the battle of Midway. Before Japanese ships were either sunk or damaged in the encounter in this picture, Admiral Halsey's carrier is seen in the distance, and ships which other damaged vessels, and submarines, have turned and are racing away from American plane attacks.

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

mines are believed to have been destroyed, one by gunfire, two by depth charges.

"The enemy's attack was completely unsuccessful. Damage was confined to one small harbor vessel of no military value."

Fact was that, from Japan's point of view, the whole thing was a sad flop. Although they claimed several face-saving sinkings, Sydneysans knew that one torpedo had run up on to a beach, another had unhappily exploded under an old ferry-boat, killing and injuring some of the men quartered on it.

Such a raid could have been serious, might well have resulted in heavy losses of shipping and life, but for Australia's widespread coastal defenses and a modicum of luck.

As it was, the Jap did not get even to first base.

Later, it was announced that four submarines had been sunk—*not* three, as previously thought.

Little doubt was there that, in perspective, this attack (first in a submarine campaign) and Japan's raid on the Aleutian Islands were diversionary tactics, aimed at drawing American naval units away from Midway, where the Japanese were going into action.

But the Yank was too wily for the Jap. He refused to be diverted, saw through the ruse, handed out a bad mauling in the Midway Island battle.

... SINKINGS

For the next few days, Japanese

submarines were working up and down the east coast, sunk a few ships, got themselves, in turn, promptly sunk.

By June 6, six and possibly seven enemy submarines had been downed, making the campaign more expensive than the Japanese had bargained for.

But there was more to come.

Again, late on a Sunday night, a Japanese submarine surfaced off Sydney, to throw a few turtle shells into the metropolis.

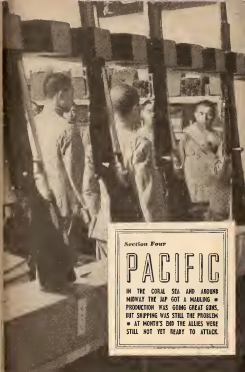
Around 1.30 a.m. another submarine began dropping shells on Newcastle.

... NORTH

All month long, the air-war went on in the Near North—bombing, counter-bombing, reconnaissance.

At mid-month, 27 heavy Japanese bombers winged across to Darwin, for the first raid since April 27, kept a respectful 24,000 feet high, caused small damage, few casualties. It was Darwin's 16th raid, the first of a bracket of four on four successive days, during which the Japanese lost 11 fighters, the Allies four—of which one pilot was saved.

Few days later, the air-bell over New Guinea ended. Allied bombers were starting in again on their plodding, methodical job of giving the Jap Jip where it hurt him most—on his ground establishments, anchored shipping, ground-aid 'planes.



Section Four

PACIFIC

IN THE CORAL SEA AND AROUND
MIDWAY THE JAP GOT A MAULING •
PRODUCTION WAS GOING GREAT GUNS,
BUT SHIPPING WAS STILL THE PROBLEM
• AT MONTH'S END THE ALLIES WERE
STILL NOT YET READY TO ATTACK.



MAJOR-GENERAL JULIAN E.
BARNES, U.S.A.

Commanding General, United States Army Forces in Australia.

... HIGH JINKS

In the Pacific, during June, there was plenty of high jinks, quite a bit of political acrobatics, a major sea-action in which the enemy came off second best.

At month's beginning, U.S. War Secretary Stimson hinted out that things might start moving soon. In his opinion, it was inevitable that a Japanese air attack would be made against his country in attempted retaliation for his country's recent attack on Japan.

In passing, he added that things were being tightened up, watched closely, on the west coast, he said, was the likeliest spot for a Japanese attack.

"Whatever happens," he said,

"we do not intend to relax our most effective defense—which is preparation for a major offensive."

Whether or not he knew something, his words were prophetic. For, not many days later, the Japanese were hammering at west-coastern Aleutian Islands, landing there.

They might have wanted them only to prevent their use as bases for raiding the Japanese Islands; they might have wanted them as a stepping stone towards the American continent; they probably wanted them for a mixture of both reasons.

... ATTACK

First news of Japan's attack on Midway Island was as brief as a pair of rationed under-pants. From New York, on June 5, came a communique, issued at Honolulu. Its burden:

"Midway Island was heavily raided by Japanese carrier-based planes at 6:35 a.m., local time."

"The local defenders repulsed the attackers, taking a heavy toll of the enemy's planes. Only minor damage was inflicted on material installations on the island and no casualties have been reported."

"The Japanese aircraft carriers were accompanied by battleships and cruisers, of which one battleship and one carrier were definitely damaged."

"Other vessels are believed to have been hit. Our attacks against the enemy are continuing."

So began one of the most im-

portant, most significant conflicts since the Pacific War's beginning. Although it did not cripple the Japanese, nor vastly alter the Pacific situation, it nevertheless made a mighty flesh-wound on their naval body.

Not for a couple more days was any real news available. Not for close on a week were the official scores announced.

When they came, they were good news.

... WITHDRAWAL

Soon the Jap had had enough. From Admiral Nimitz, Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, came an announcement

that, "The enemy appears to be withdrawing—contact was lost during the night."

Meantime, the enemy, under a blanket of fog, was battering his way into the western tip of the Aleutians, in an effort to get a foothold and divert ships from the Midway battle.

According to a first, quick look at the Midway situation, it seemed as though the Americans had lost one destroyer, suffered damage to an aircraft carrier, lost some planes.

But Japanese wounds were bigger, deeper.

Reported Admiral Nimitz: "Additional damage has been in-



WORK . . . AND IT MIGHT NOT HAPPEN HERE.

In the most ruthlessly bombed city in the world a weeping Chungking woman weeps on the sofa beside the body of her husband.



"JUDO" IN AMERICAN ARMY

U. S. A. R. Flores, Endoan Judo champion in 1935, shows how to use a judo against Japanese. This is the same kind of defense, the famous Judo (Judo) is not by overpowering and dodging, but by dodging the force, the force is throwing the attacker off balance. Endoan photo shows the "Judo" style.

Sighted on two enemy cruisers. Until all reports are checked it is impossible to state whether these cruisers are in addition to those included in previous reports.

"One enemy destroyer has been sunk. One United States destroyer was sunk by a submarine, but nearby ships rescued the per-

sonnel with small loss of life.

"Except for submarine activity in the vicinity of the Hawaiian island chain, this section of the Pacific is quiet."

So good was the news, Commander MacArthur sent off a message to his naval colleague, Commander Nimitz:

"The splendid victory at Midway Island has aroused the greatest enthusiasm through this area. The Prime Minister of Australia has asked me to join his felicitations to that of all ranks here.

"My own pride and satisfaction is boundless. We will get fast."

In the U.S. they had been certain sure that something would soon begin to pop. Now it was obvious why War Secretary Stimson had handed out his hints of trouble-to-come.

Commented Admiral King: "After Brigadier-General Doolittle's raid on Japan, General Marshall and I both felt, knowing Japanese psychology, that some reprisal in kind was inevitable in order that they might save face. Mr. Stimson, the Secretary for War, also emphasized this point.

"The Coral Sea action, which was another setback to the Japanese was another reason to be on guard . . .

"It was apparent after the Coral Sea action that the Japanese would have to go somewhere and do something. Among our various important outposts, Dutch Harbor and Midway Island

offered them the best chance of invasion with hope of success.

"At the same time we were quite aware that they might renew their actions in the Coral Sea—even though they had recently been stung there.

"To this extent we were prepared for an assault on Midway Island and recognized that Alaska might be also attacked . . .

"I cannot give details of our forces engaged or ready to be engaged. The enemy probably does not exactly know them—but he has cause to know plenty."

... SILENCE

For some days there was little

more news of either action—Midway or Aleutians.

Hopes were running high—no hopes often do after a victory. Throughout the Pacific one naval victory was being magnified until it began to take the shape of a war-winning stroke.

Close on the heels of Midway came a joyful throwing up of hats, a loud-breathed sigh, some complacency. Correspondents were suggesting that this now left Japan open to attack, that everything was completely rosy.

Rosy, indeed, it was. To a marked degree, Australia's position had been improved. But not by a long chalk did that mean



TALKS AND HUSSIES. Lieutenant Colonel Larry Lehigh, known U.S. pressman and saw aide to General MacArthur, meets some local Australians. With him is Lieutenant Penick, of Canberra, whose own big objection to Australia is that his wife doesn't live here.

Australia was completely out of the woods, nor even near the edge. It meant, only, that the right track leading out into the sunlight, had been found.

There were still scrambles, and falls aplenty in store for Australians before they could go back to sunning themselves on their warmed, herb-wireless beaches.

... PRODUCTION

In the U.S. production was going ahead great guns.

Up spoke Senator Elmer Thomas (Chairman, Senate Appropriations Committee), to announce that his country's output of 'planes was fast approaching the 5,000-a-month mark... the 60,000 per year that had been ordered and scheduled by President Roosevelt.

Up spoke War Shipping Administrator E. S. Land, too. Under his watchful, pushful direction, upwards of 60 shipyards and 300 shipways were working under full steam.

Already, American shipyards were producing more than their Great War top production figure. Since 1937 there had been a 500 per cent. increase in production-potential. For, in that year there had been only 10 yards, 46 shipways.

In 1939, the U.S. had been producing three ships every month. In 1942, it had been upped to 75 a month. Next year, they would be turning them out at the

mass-production rate of five a day.

But the immediate position was grim, blizzardly bleak. Although ship-building was on the swift increase, production of war-machines was outstripping it, U-boats sinkings still holding their own. The result: a problem how to get jingling-up arms and men across the Atlantic and Pacific on a diminishing shipping-tonnage.

According to figures, the future position would be adequate. But to-day will not wait for the future. The balance-sheet:

	Production (U.S.) tons	Losses (Allied) tons
1940	1,500,000	3,700,000
1941	2,500,000	3,800,000
1942	10,500,000	6,000,000 (estimate)
1943	16,000,000 (estimate)	6,000,000 (estimate)

Commented President Roosevelt: "Our reservoir of resources is approaching the flood stage. The next step off for our military, industrial, and shipping experts to direct the full forces of their energies against the centres of enemy power."

"Britain and the United States are taking combined action to carry our men and weapons on anything floatable or flyable to those places from which offensives can be launched."

At same time he gave out a vague hint to those who might be harboring the ghostly word "re-



"Wait! Here comes a P!"

PACIFIC

parations" in the back of their mind.

"Real war costs," said he, "cannot be measured or compared—nor paid for in money. They must be, and are being met in blood and toil."

"But the financial costs of the war can and should be met in a way which will serve the needs of lasting peace and mutual economic well-being."

"The money costs of the war will fall according to the rule of equality in sacrifice—as an effort."

... MEETING

Toward month's end, Prime Minister Churchill of Great Britain, it was announced, had arrived secretly in the U.S. for further talks with President Roosevelt.

What they had to talk about was anyone's guess at time of his arrival. The best guess: A second European front which had been promised the Russians.

Before his visit was over, however, they had plenty of other things to talk about.

Already, it seemed, there were too many fronts to look after.

In China, the Japanese had the upper hand, were pushing hard against the valiant but under-armed Chinese, who were crying aloud for supplies, munitions.

In Russia, the Germans had all but overwhelmed—if not entirely overwhelmed—Sébastopol, where, after an incredibly valorous eight months of siege, the Russians were giving blood-soaked ground inch

by innumerable inch.

In the Atlantic theatre, Allied shipping was still being sunk by Germany's highly-organized, thoroughgoing submarine campaign—blows which the Allies felt most, took hardest.

In the Aleutians, the Japanese had made landings, were gritting ready to dig in, if they had not already dug themselves in very securely.

On the Siberian border, according to some reports which might or might not be reliable, Japan was massing more-and-more troops, preparing for a push.

In Libya, where the British had had a much publicized "overwhelming superiority in men and arms," the situation was grim. Unless the Allies had decided to stake all on one Continental Expeditionary throw and let the rest go long there was little reason to discuss a Second Front.

Meantime, it looked as though events would follow the old, well-worn course: Prime Minister Churchill would, (1) "Take all responsibility"; (2) Ask for a vote of confidence (a pitcher that might go to the well once too often); (3) Appoint General Ritchie Governor of Gibraltar; (4) Hint at a reshuffle of Cabinet that would involve merely a changing of Ministerial chairs for the old gang.

In the background was Sir Stafford Cripps.

Section Five

INTERNATIONAL

A balanced review of the month's history

THERE WERE STILL SOME NEUTRALS WHO WOULD COME INTO THE WAR ON ONE SIDE OR THE OTHER • MEANTIME DEMOCRACIES HAD TAKEN THE POLITICAL INITIATIVE, WERE PLANNING THE PEACE, FOR A BOLD NEW WORLD.



... MOVES

As June moved along slowly, the world's nations were bus-busy, worried, reflective, apprehensive, wondering—according to where they were, sitting on one side of the fence, sitting on the other, sitting on the fence itself.



COMRADE STALIN

... it depended on what he thought

Chances were that the line-up of the Greater War's nations was not yet quite complete.

Russia had yet to go to war with Japan, Sweden, by no means was sitting pretty—she saw all sorts of disturbing signs and de signs all round her, was getting a crick in the neck from trying to watch both sides at once; France and Spain were anxiously trying to

keep tabs on their respective public opinions.

No doubt, before the war's end, all of these nations would be dragged in, willy-nilly, by force of circumstances, on one side or the other.

In a war that is completely world-wide, no sizeable nation can afford to stay out; nor can it afford to back the wrong horse. If it stays out, experience has taught, it loses something in prestige or property in the postwar world to the victorious nations, when those nations begin to re-allocate territory ("In order to prevent future wars"). If it backs the wrong horse, it gets a raw deal from the victor.

How to pick and back the right horse is as important in international affairs for the purpose of conserving territory and wealth, as in domestic affairs in order to conserve the rent-money.

... DECLARATIONS

Sooner or later—it seems reasonably certain—all these things would probably come to pass:

Russia seemed unlikely that Russia could get through to the end of the war without coming to grips with Japan, like it or not.

At the moment it was natural that she should not go looking for trouble in the Far East. She already had more than enough trouble on her hands in the West.

Whether or not Japan would prove to be the attacker in Far Eastern Siberia remained for time

to tell. All the tip-slinging hopeful thinking, wishful hoping of foreign correspondents would not lasten that day by one second.

It was possible that Japan was keeping that card up her sleeve to counter-balance a second European front. But no one could be sure of this—except the Japanese High Command, who tell their intentions to no one.

Over such potential moves it is futile to speculate.

There were other possibilities: It might be that Britain had wheedled Russia into promising an attack on Japan in exchange for: (a) continued large-scale aid; (b) a Second Front.

Russia might well have ideas of her own about attacking Japan. They had been at loggerheads for many years, were traditional enemies. Russia would welcome a permanent liquidation of that situation. It depended on how strong Joseph Stalin was, or thought he was; how weak he thought Japan was in that region.

For Japan, in a few months, might find things uncomfortable but it, at one and the same time, she was (a) being bombed from Siberia; (b) being pushed around by Russia's Far Eastern army; (c) being whacked all over the Pacific by the U.S. Navy.

Sweden. To wide-eyed, wistful Sweden, anything might happen at any time.

If Germany found it necessary, or even convenient to move in with the object of "protecting"

Sweden, she would not hesitate to do so.

Right well Sweden knew this. She had nothing immediate to fear from Britain. But there were such things as political and economic weapons, which are sometimes more fearsome than the military type.

If things began to happen to Sweden, she would probably go down swiftly, as did her Baltic neighbors, fighting valiantly alone for her neutral honor.

France. The France of Marshal



PREMIER PETAIN

what would Frenchmen say?

Pétain and Pierre Laval would be in something of a fix.

There was no doubt that, if Pétain and Laval had their way, France would swing completely

over to Nazi Germany—of necessity. For, if and when the Free United Nations win this war, Petain and Laval, under the pressure of French public opinion, will no doubt do some swinging on their own account.

Whether or not, and to what extent French public opinion would support them in a complete swing-over to Berlin is Vichy's problem. If, under German pressure, they make the mistake of judging that public opinion is behind them when it is not behind them, revolution will follow—an admirable situation to greet the arrival of Second Fronting Allied troops.

But France is not entirely pro-Democratic. Its army has put up some staunch fights against British troops in Syria, and Madagascar. Some proportion of the French population has taken the easy course, embraced Nazism.

But sooner or later, Premier Petain will have to face the problem, decide what percentage of his people is likely to follow him, what percentage will try to kick him to political death.

Fuehrer Hitler is not likely to worry over Premier Petain's worries. When he needs France's help most he will see that he gets either that help or the rest of France itself.

Spain. For Spain's chabby, plump-bottomed Fascist dictator Franco, the choice is equally difficult.

It is doubtful if his people would take very kindly to another

war. They have not yet fully recovered from their last, would be likely to receive another very sourly.

The rebuilding of Spain is far from complete; her food position far from satisfactory.

On him, pressure would be brought to bear—from both sides.

On the Fascist side, his erstwhile collaborators, Fuehrer Hitler and Duce Mussolini would insist on continued collaboration, backed up by a threat to withdraw their support, backed up by reminders of what will no doubt happen to him when democracy Churchill and Stalin win the war.

On the Allied side, his erstwhile enemy, Comrade Stalin could stir up a lot of trouble for him. Spain's Civil War did not liquidate all Communists; they are only too anxious, ready, happy to start making trouble again at the drop of a hat.

... TREATY

During the month, too, a treaty was announced.

From Canberra, to persons came a snap-brief statement on the subject: "(Not to be cabled or Broadcast before 1.30 a.m., Friday, June 12, 1942.) An announcement will be made in the House of Commons at 3.30 p.m. (Greenwich Mean Time) on June 11, 1942 of the signature of a treaty between Great Britain and the U.S.S.R."

Said Prime Minister Curtin:

"The Australian Government



After British bombers wrecked the great German warship near Freetown, reconnaissance planes flew over the wreckage at a low altitude on the following day and secured close-ups of the damage. This picture shows damaged quarters and buildings below and to the right of the gunnery deck and damaged assembly shops.

INTERNATIONAL

warmly approves the conclusion of the treaty which is an indication to the world that these two great countries have been thinking ahead in regard to their commitments in Europe in the post-war period and that they are prepared to take their share of the obligation that will fall on all the United Nations for the reconstruction of a better world.

"The Australian Government was kept fully informed throughout the discussions which preceded the signing of the agreement."

In some respects, the Anglo-Russian treaty was one of the most hopeful, world-improving epoch-making pacts of all time. It

was, too, subject to quite an imposing array of provisos, qualifications, reservations.

There are no doubts of its excellence. It lays down the rails along which the post-war world can be driven. It sets a programme of international behavior, makes heartening, reassuring reading to the peoples of conquered countries.

For more than two and a half years, the Axis had thrown all the punches, taken all the initiatives, military and political. In recent months, the Free United Nations have gained at least the political initiative.

In this, the second potential step towards making a blueprint



CABLE DEFLECTOR. Crashed German Heinkel Bomber. Shied with bomber driver. This is an almost 800-ton with helium balloons. The added weight of the "balloons" greatly reduce the speed and bank load of the aircraft.

Coverside, July 1942 Page 25

INTERNATIONAL

for Europe's future peace, social advancement, human freedom, Capitalist England and Socialist Russia agreed on certain terms.

They would fight on together until Fuhrer Adolf Hitler and his satellite nations had been properly and completely beaten.

They would work together, in a "common action to preserve peace and resist aggression," for at least 20 years.

They would not make a separate peace; nor would they come to terms with any but a German government prepared to renounce future aggression.

They would not, at war's end, seek advantages based on the

principle of "territorial aggrandisement."

According to bushy-moustached, comely Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, of Britain, his country had reached a full understanding with Russia regarding "the urgent task of creating a second front in Europe during 1942."

According to both signatories, there were no secret clauses in the compact.

... UNPROVED

As far as it went, it was probably the most important contract to be entered into by any two nations since history's beginning. (Turn to Page 58)



THIS IS WHAT MAKES THEM WHISTLE.

Many German high explosive bombs dropped over England every six minutes every day as shown in this close-up.

Coverside, July 1942 Page 30



THE WAR AT SEA

Here pictured is an incident in which a destroyer went alongside a guard liner to rescue the crew despite waves 50 to 100 feet high. It was a wild, gray evening of heavy seas, during squalls and a south-easterly gale, a great liner was going down and both her crew and rescued aboard, the rescuer had gone crazy in the boats and had been picked up by other vessels. Now there were no boats left. . . . Just then northwesterly and an on-land breeze were blowing by the waves were running fifty and sixty feet high when a second destroyer came up in response to calls for assistance. As

night fell the red glow from the burning fire shone brightly and eventually became the chief source of light. The waves were lifting the liner's stern high out of the water at one moment, showing masts and funnels, and then crashing it down in a cloud of spray the next. At about 10:20 p.m. the second destroyer began to close on the burning liner at a low angle. It was straggling alongside. The men working on the submerged liner were 4000 above the destroyer's beam as she moved and on her list below it the next. "They deeply looked past, and had to jump for safety as if they were jumping from an express car." Then after time the captain took his destroyer in, and every time the ship was damaged a 2000 man. Wonderful acts of seamanship and their, self-sacrificing courage were performed both by the liner's crew and those on the destroyer, and, finally every second was secured.

It had the makings of a long world peace in its stiffly-worded clauses.

The only discernible snag: it had yet to be proved.

Fact is that, in the past, nations—all nations—have always been able to find an easy way of slipping out of pacts and treaties when it suited their book. Sometimes they have done it subtly, sometimes cynically.

Write one commentator:

"A treaty is only good for so long as all the parties stick to it. This is not to suggest that either or both of the signatories will slip out the back door when they feel inclined. It only means that nations have done so in the past, will probably do so again in the dim future.

"The thing we have to remember is that they can. It has been done before, a great many times.

"When everyone is nice and friendly, and all helping each other cosy, and pulling together to win a war it is difficult to visualize a falling-out.

"But that is not impossible. It should be remembered that France, Britain, and the United States all were very friendly toward each other while the Great War was going on; they all professed loudly that the future held nothing but eternal friendship and co-operation.

"But, when the war was finished, we (the British) grew cold towards France. We saw her becoming too strong, too aggres-

sive, too independent.

"We grew cold towards the United States because we thought, and said it was unreasonable for her to expect repayment of all that money we owed her.

"And now this new pact—

"It could be evidence of the old, old power-balancing game—Britain, acquiring the help and power of Russia to offset a too-powerful post-war America (not necessarily—or even thinkably—military).

"It might be as straight-forward, as simple, as Simon-pure as it seems. The chances are that it is, that the signatories are in dead, genuine earnest.

"But that does not affect the main issue: That it is a simple matter to sign a pact (after all, France had made a solemn agreement with Britain never to enter into a separate peace with Germany), but all pacts have to be proved by implementation."

... NO DICE

From Australia's point of view it was all very nice, but had its drawbacks.

Cold and hard was the fact that, if a second front was set up in Europe, the flow of men and war-machines to this country might become a dribble—and Australia is in no military condition to be left in the cold.

A Second European Front would turn all production, all planning, all men towards Europe. If anything was left over—an unlikely

DESERT WAR MEANS THIS



These pictures give some idea of price exacted by Mars when the world is set in the open desert. The pictures show damage inflicted by B.E.F. bombers on an enemy transport concentration and its guarded places on a German overland.

man and otherwise—the psychological value of the treaty is incalculable.

Germans are already uncomfortable under British giant-raids. Their morale is by no means broken—nor even approaching breaking point. No air-raiding has yet succeeded in greatly affecting the morale of any people—except to make them more determined, more bitter.

Yet it tends to make a nation nervy.

Fact is, however, that this treaty will have a greater morale-weakening effect on true-blue Nazis, a great morale-boosting effect on anti-Nazis than any other single event since the war's beginning.

European peoples — who take their politics very seriously — will know that, for the first time, Germany is opposed to three great nations who are completely united — at least for the purpose of beating Germany, at best for the purpose of rebuilding the world in the likeness of a true democracy.

They will know, too, that those Five United Nations have won the world political initiative, that they are driving somewhere, and driving hard; that they have a goal, and know where they are headed—at long last.

No pleasant picture for the German leaders is that—for it confuses up the gigantic weight of those three nations, at last welded into one great weight, politically,

militarily, and at least to some extent, economically.

There are a great number of people in Germany and occupied countries who will look longingly at that treaty — old democrats, people in Germany and occupied Nations.

Writes Ernest Pope, in his book, *Music Playgrounds*:

"The king-loving, religious south Germans are bitterly disappointed at the British failure to crush Hitler during the last year of the war. Many disillusioned Munichers, who have seen Adolf break all the promises he made to them while he was stamping the party capital's beer halls, said to me repeatedly before the war:

"When is England going to help us? Why didn't she declare war when Hitler marched his troops into the Rhineland? Why doesn't she attack Germany right away? We can't get rid of Hitler by ourselves. He has deceived us and surrounded us with the Gestapo. The only way we can throw off the yoke of National Socialism is to have the British knock out the Supreme Commander of the Wehrmacht quickly and give us back our south German sovereignty before a protracted war inflames nation-wide hatred of Germany's exterior enemies and makes our people forget that their real enemy is Hitler, not the British."

Those people are now seeing the light.

BEST
TEA

SECTION SIX: MUST BE TO-BUY.

Song of a Fifth Columnist

P. M. LUSK

I have always been a citizen of periodic leanings.

And now and then I break a small reward.
For the busy shipping shanties by reasonable clearance
Of the things that people seem inclined to hoard.

As soon as I was told, as confidential information,
That the tea supply was getting really short,
I eagerly went and checked on warehouse operations
For the purchase of a quarter of a ton.

I've got back in dozen lots and engineering apparatus
Which I bought upon some sound inside advice.
And although I mightn't want them in the dark days that
await us,

Well . . . maybe someone else will—at a price.

They say so, with ending tales of after-war reality.
To meet in hands as tense, you can't refuse.
But all my savings ought to be in excellent security
In petrol, bricks, woolen goods and shoes.

I know a little dodge that whitens odds off your location.
It's ingenious, and not exactly wrong.
I'll let you know the system for a small consideration
And instruct you in the details for a song.

In residential matters I can claim I'm staying pretty.
With a cozy little home set on the range.
And if anything untoward should tend to happen near the city,
I've only got the nearest to a mosque.

Though I may have hoped, in moments of cathartic ebullience.

With some things that aren't in certain quarters done,
I can always say I've treated with a proper reservation
The art of making what Number One.

Man of Millions

BY RUSSELL S. CLARK

It began back beyond 1895 when a powder-monkey named Hogan stood waiting with a small group of other quarry-men for a change to explode.

Nothing happened. They watched and waited a while longer. Still nothing happened. Hogan robbed the side of his face. "It ought to be side now."

To make sure, they made him wait yet a while longer . . . Then he went to take a look at it.

The others turned away and went on with their jobs. Most of them did not see what happened. They heard only the rumbling crack of an explosion. They heard the cries of those who had been watching, and saw them running and shouting towards the face of the quarry, where dust was swirling.

On that day, Hogan lost his sight.



J.A.B.

He never saw the grandson who, years later, used to come and read the newspapers to him every Sunday afternoon. For John Beasley was born on 9th November, 1895 — some time after the accident that blinded his mother's father.

It is impossible to say that any one cause was the complete agent in

going rise to any one effect. Yet that faulty fuse was probably the biggest single factor in starting young John Beasley on a political career.

Sunday after Sunday, year in, year out, he was packed off to read the newspapers to his blind grandfather. And the old man was not content with only that. Young John had to be able to discuss current affairs with him, too.

It was good training. For, at an age when youngsters are usually still avidly consuming boys' papers and magazines, young John was

filling his head with the workings of the world and all the complex details of social life that are part of that world.

John Beasley came from poor, solid, hard-working stock. His paternal grandfather was a tanner, who had come from Beth, England.

Mr. Beasley, Senior, was a blacksmith, born at Blackwood, near Bardsley Marsh, Victoria. It was one of his proudest recollections that some of his smithing is in the Hawkesbury River Bridge. Later, he turned to rural work, and made an early ploughshare was beaten out on his forge.

Years afterwards, his son was to be the man who would spend millions upon millions of his country's money in beating the Commonwealth's ploughshares into swords, which the land needed more urgently than it had ever needed anything in its history.

Young John was born on a Warrabee farm. He had little time for schooling, although he liked it, and did so well that his master pleaded with John's parents to let him go on to Geelong School.

But for a number of reasons, that was not possible. The Beasley's wanted him at home. They wanted the work he could do about the farm. They had neither the money nor the desire to let him go.

And there was another consideration. "They were solid, upright folk," Minister Beasley will tell you. "They were people of the

land—peasants, if you care to use the word . . . but proud, stubborn, independent peasants.

"They looked on schooling with a certain amount of disdain.

"Schooling never turned out a man, in their opinion. It turned out only pettifog, party-faced sub-humans without even the strength to hold a plough. Learning, in short, was a sleep land of occupation.

"There was only one occupation in life for a man who wanted to be a real man . . . and that was farming . . ."

John Beasley shakes his head when he tells you that. "Perhaps that was the best line they could have taken. Because, if you've got enough sand, opposition only makes you more determined to strike out for yourself in the direction you want to go.

"So that was the routine . . . I wanted to go to school. I liked it, and I did fairly well during those few years of schooling I had. But it wasn't for me. I went on carrying water for stock, and sorting out the stock, driving them into the sales, ploughing, sowing, reaping . . ."

There is a faraway look in his eyes. His mind has travelled far out, and back, and beyond the black-out rooms in Parliament House, with its desks and papers and contracts for hundreds of thousands of pounds waiting to be signed by him. He sees a youngster riding slowly along a country lane on a stock pony, a couple of

dogs, cattle struggling along the road ahead, moving slowly.

"The monotony of it got me. I suppose there was some kind of worm in my brain. I wanted more than this. At that age I suppose I did not quite know what I wanted. But I knew that this was not it."

"I dreamed a lot—and the more I dreamed the more restless I became. I imagine every youngster goes through that restless stage. He wants to be a pirate, or an engine-driver, or an adventurer in the South Seas—he wants to be anything that is restless and romantic. His brain is reaching out and groping for something, but he doesn't quite know what it is."

John Bramley's first ambition was to become powerhouse superintendent in a country town.

They were putting electricity through the district at that time, and he wanted to help with the job.

His father—a local councillor by that time—could have helped him. But, stubbornly, he would not lift a finger. He did everything he could to discourage young John. There was only one life for a man—farming.

But John was equally determined, equally stubborn. He got a job himself with the electrical contractor—digging post-holes.

"That was something of a shock to the family," he said. "They just couldn't understand it. Their independence rose to the surface. To them—poor as they were—it seemed almost degrading for a

Bramley to be working for an employer. It was quite beyond their comprehension why any man should choose such employment when he could and should be working as a free man, independent—a man standing alone on his own feet, a man in his own right."

"That was how they saw it. . . and they were hard and unrelenting in the view they took."

"That was the beginning. From that point, I gradually rose to help with electrical installations. When the job was finished, the contractor wanted me to go with him. I still had my eye on that powerhouse superintendent's job."

"But now this looked better. The contractor would be doing jobs all over the country—and that meant a chance to travel. And I knew then that that was what I had wanted—to travel, to see things."

"So I went with him—working all around Victoria, then to Tasmania, and then to South Australia."

"It was in Mooroona, South Australia, that I first ran the risk of settling down. We were doing some installation jobs there, and they sent up a lot of other electricians to help. Those men went on a piece-work basis, so that the more points they put in the more they were paid."

"They did some very bad work—so bad, that people in the town began to specify that their installations should be done by 'the young man who did So-and-so's job'—



I. A. Bramley and Finance Secretary, Andrew (Andy) Collopy.

which, of course, was young John Bramley, who eventually had to pull out a lot of the work that had been already done and do it over again."

"I don't claim any great credit for thoroughness—that credit belongs to my father. Under his eye, you did a job properly—or else you did it again, and again, and again, until it was done properly. And you got so into the habit of doing things that way it became part of you."

That thoroughness is still a part of John Bramley. A word with his secretary, Andrew ("Andy") Collopy, will convince you of that. "He's got one of the most meticu-

lous, analytical minds of my whole experience," Andrew Collopy said. "One night he signed more than two hundred letters. He takes a quick look and seems to picture them. It was after two o'clock next morning when he came to the last one."

"He took a glance at it and looked up. 'That last paragraph isn't what I drafted,' he said."

"I know. It means the same thing. I've just altered the wording a little so that it reads better."

"So, at 2 a.m., I was given a short, kindly lecture of wording and asked to re-write it—at two o'clock in the morning, mind you, in the middle of that holocaust

they call a Parliamentary Session! He was much more tired than I, but he still wouldn't let that letter go. It had to be done again.

"What else can I tell you about him?"

"He has no patience with red tape and regulations when they stand in the way of common sense. He goes right over or straight through them, without bothering to look either way.

"He has a checky list to the extent of £4 a week. He has a personal policy which is not merely 'Never make an enemy,' but 'Make friends of your enemies.'

"In one night, on the train between Albany and Melbourne, he signed more than £2,500,000 worth of contracts." Callaghan shakes his head. "But his thoroughness and memory for details are the most outstanding feature of the man. It's colossal—just colossal."

So young John Beasley, because of his mind thoroughness became a figure in Moscow. He sat at council meetings. At 22 years of age he was advising them, ordering material, buying it, supervising.

But there was still that restless urge to move on. He had been there for more than a year when he suddenly realized he was getting into a rut. The council pleaded with him to stay—to set up a business of his own.

But he packed up and went on. "That was a hard wrench. I was comfortable, and I'd made some good friends. But there it was . . .

"I went on to Associated Smel-

ling at Broken Hill. And from there to Cockatoo Island to do installation work on submarines. That was about 1918.

"A few months later they made me Shop Steward. That was my first introduction to politics—industrial politics, if you like; but politics, nevertheless."

From that point onwards, John Beasley's rise was a natural sequence of events—from executive of the Electrical Trades Union as delegate to the Labor Trades Council. He held the Presidency of the Trades Hall Council for seven years—the youngest man ever to be chosen for the job, and the longest tenure of presidency.

In 1926 he was chosen as the Australian Labor Delegate to the I.L.O. at Geneva.

It is the electric, hard-sleeping, half-fellow Senator John Armstrong—John Beasley's right-hand man Fraser—who tells the inside story about that Geneva Labor Conference.

"On the way over," he said, "John sat down over all the minutes of past conferences, day after day, every minute he could find, and far into the night.

"And he discovered a curious thing: The past chairman at these conferences had been chosen as a master of accepted routine. The bigger, influential nations were simply having their delegates appointed in turn, and everyone was accepting it because—well, that's what had been always done.

"The little fellows, in other

words, just sat back in a kind of awe, and took it.

"When the conference began, they tried the same thing again. My mate (John Beasley) simply stood up and said, 'Why?' They stared at him. It was the thing, they explained gently. 'But as it the correct thing?' John Beasley asked. 'How about China? How about the Argentine—and all the other less influential delegates?'

"The little fellows all jumped up excitedly and applauded this raw Australian savage, who was smart enough to be able to quote some of conference regulations at them to prove that what they had been doing was entirely wrong.

"In fact, they applauded him so loudly that they applauded him into the chairmanship of the 9th Maritime Conference . . ." That is a position and an honor which no Australian had held before, or has held since.

Such is the stuff of which John Beasley, Minister of Supply and Development, is made.

No one in this Commonwealth works harder, quicker, more thoroughly—or longer hours. He has to work that way. His job as Minister of Supply is little more than a side-sight.

With Dr. Evatt overseas, he was also Acting Attorney-General. Apart from those two jobs, he is also Chairman of the Allied Supply Council (which supplies all the fighting services of all Australian and American forces in Australia), Chairman of the Australian Food Council, member of the War Cab-

inet, member of the War Council, and Production Executive.

There is no bigger job, inside or outside Parliament, than that of Chairman of the Allied Supply Council. That, in itself, is the work of at least three stout-hearted men. But John Beasley carries it alone, as one of his jobs.

He sees a great future for Australia—a destiny that can be limited only by populism problems . . .

"This war is forcing Australia to rely more and more on her own resources. We, as Australians, have rather amazed ourselves at what we can do, and what resources we really have.

"And that forcing is laying the foundation and building the framework around which the future Australia will take its shape, and on which it will build its solid structure.

"But we must have more population. I believe that, if you give people security, a life free from want and the fear of want, a life free from fear of eternally recurring wars—if you give them work and contentment, population will follow.

"That is our job, when this war is finished—first to give them confidence that all the bad old days are gone with their wars and depressions and social hardships.

"We must plan our future with these things in mind . . . otherwise there is no future for Australia or any other country in the world."



"Oh, Captain, General MacArthur on the 'Axe'!"

What Happened to George?

M. E. UPWARD

George did a man's death but with a woman's final glory

Once upon a time a great army of ants came in anger and went forth. Not armies as we know them. Not thousands or millions. But billions upon billions of ants. This army swept forward over river and terebin leaving bare and dead all that over which it passed. Many tried to stem its tide but all man's agility and cunning was of no avail. Bleached bones later told tale.

Patient reader . . . this little fantasy has its modern analogy you may be sure. It all leads up to my tale of what happened to George.

George was a simple little man, —honest, law-abiding, and retiring by nature. On Saturday, May 9, 1942, he awoke fresh from his little suburban home precisely at eight o'clock as was his daily custom, to catch the train to the city. Having hidden adieu to his wife, kissed the lawn-mower and checked the pots behind him, he walked briskly along to the station. His mind was cool, clean and empty for you see he was neither in love nor in debt.

George had a job which gave him no trouble being simple and almost everlasting. He worked in a big city emporium and his duties entailed the pushing of trolleys from storeroom to department, ringing bells, opening and shut-

ting the doors, and occasionally lending a hand at driving a lift.

Arriving at his place of employment this memorable morning, George was intended to see a great multitude gathered about the doors. This, mark you, at 8.30 of a cold wet morning. George halted in his tracks, puzzled by the sight of this crowd. Could it, without his knowledge, be the beginning of a sale? But no, it was neither Winter, Summer, Autumn nor Spring in the precise sense of the words (the weather being purely Melbourne in character) and—so far as he could remember—there had hardly been no fire.

Timidly he sought enlightenment but, not being aware of his important position inside, the women paid no attention to this creature peering at their sleeves. At last one woman, tired of his importuning turned on him and flung out the words—"Government—cottoning—clothes" then immediately returned to her occupation of staring hungrily at the closed emporium doors. George swept away bewildered by it all and hurried to a side door where he gained entrance to the shop.

What a hurry and scurry there was to be sure. Every attendant was frantically setting out some stocks and prying up loose boards to hide the remainder. Never in

all his forty years of servitude had he witnessed such a thing. Shaking his head sadly George changed into his uniform and timidly took up his customary position by the door. Through the glass he was able to observe the strength and temper of the female force. Now George was no psychiatrist but long experience of mid-season sales had given him certain perceptions above the ordinary in men. And what he now saw made him suddenly afraid.

George knew only two types of women. His wife and—well the rest. His wife he had learned at last not to fear. But as for the rest—many nights his placid sleep would be broken by dreams of women and he would start awake with dilated pupils and cold sweat on his brow.

"Courage George, courage," he now muttered to himself, staring out at the crowd which—for all the world like a gigantic octopus—fixed him with one pair of predatory,avenous, diabolical eyes.

A bell rang somewhere in the store.

Open the doors. Open the doors . . .

Well George, what's the matter? Aren't you going to open the doors?

Muttering the remnant of some childhood prayer, George commenced to open the door. He began by removing the bank. At once the octopoid crowd surged nearer and nearer. He turned the great

key. The women, a thousand deep, pressed flat against the plate-glass. The glass bent but did not break for it was safe-proof and strongly reinforced. He opened the door. At once came a rush of sound like the sound of seas in a tunnel, a swinging rhythmic sensation as he was hurled from bosom to bosom . . . a vicious white blinding light as a spike heel pierced his brain. And then George knew no more.

In wave after countless wave the women passed over George's prostrate body. For a while he was not even missed. Attendants leapt to their posts wishing the counters were another six feet high. Panic raged supreme. The invading army so long denied turned victory into a rout. Managers grabbed fire buckets, extinguishers off the walls and finally rang the police. After several disorganised minutes the crowd was slightly mollified by the sight of steady stocks. They settled into a frenzy of terror and concentrated buying. The crisis was past.

But wait—what's happened to George? What about poor old George. Oh Hell, you say, who cares? No, no, remember the little old wife at home. Well . . . all that was left of George was swept up with the empty boxes . . . just a few bleached bones after all, not a thread more, not a button, not even the badge off his cap. Better had he perished on the shores of Dunkirk or in the hall-holes of Tobruk! He had not even a soldier's grave.

Women are not meant to be judged but to forgive as when we need forgiveness. Pardon, not punishment, is their religion—
Geor White

What are we fighting for?

PROFESSOR A. P. ELKIN

(Professor of Anthropology, University of Sydney)

What are we fighting for, as distinct from fighting against?

A few months ago, at a time when the immediate future of the south-west Pacific looked very black indeed, I classified the opinions expressed by 126 persons in the course of conversations on this very question.

This is not a statistical sampling of our population, but the individuals concerned were representative of the various groups in Australia—city and country, labourer and artisan, white collar and professional, poor and wealthy, male and female, young and old.

Most of us will find our views, in so far as we have thought about the matter at all, represented in this cross-section. Incidentally, some of those who assisted considered that we were fighting for more than one objective. The following is an analysis of their opinions:

We Fight to Save Our Skins

Twenty-eight of what we may call our panel of 126, said we were fighting for our survival, our existence as a nation, to keep the Japs out, to defeat aggression, in short, to save our skins. One of these added significantly that this was "a defensive attitude which

appeared to have permeated our whole mental outlook and even our military strategy."

We need to remember that to fight or work merely for survival is to play a negative role, and this must lead to an attitude of defeatism. For a time there was far too much talk of defence in depth, and of scouring the earth, of moving cattle inland, and of immobilizing small boxes.

In other words, we were mentally defeated, instead of being mentally and physically defiant.

But that mood could not continue. Too many of us realize, even though dimly, that existence as such is worth very little. It is existence to be and to do something of value which is worth fighting for. Thus, 10 of the 28 added a positive reason for fighting, such as the right to live our own lives.

Even the three who said that defeat of the enemy was a sufficient objective for the present and that talking about a "new order" would only cloud the issue, implied that the defeat of the enemy is the condition for the realization of something positive.

Still we must never overlook the blunt fact that we are fighting to "save our skins," even though the

purpose and inspiration for saving them lies not in the "skins" alone.

To Save the Empire and Ourselves

Closely allied to this point of view were the opinions of a small group (5 out of 126) that we are fighting "for Britain," and "because we are part of the British Empire," and more specifically "to maintain the Empire's position among the nations."

Underlying these opinions, is the view that "without Britain we would fall." And so, once again, we fight for our lives.

For Democracy and Freedom

Sixty-four, that is, just over half of the 126, held that we were fighting for democracy and freedom, including in this, our way of life and our present standard of living.

A young soldier (ex-bank clerk) said this meant "the right to live, think and act according to our own rights and not have our manner of living, thinking and acting dictated to us, and the right of free speech and constitutional government."

Most of the 64 agree with him. But a note of cynicism was struck by a manual training instructor who said that "we were fighting for the Australian way of life, the American way of life, freedom of thought and worship—well, so our leaders say. I do not know, but what they say makes it appear to me that we are fighting to remain as we are."

Free of this 64 mean simply by democracy our present standard of living, our material possessions,

and so we fight "to keep what we have."

But a female school teacher added another note. She said that, at the outbreak of war it seemed as though we were fighting for the preservation of the British Empire and race, which stood for democracy. But now we feel that we are fighting largely for Australia and our way of living, and we feel that, although our way of life has many faults, it is basically right, being based on Christian ideals."

Another note could be included in this group; they maintained that we were fighting for the principles of Christianity or for religion, but for them, these principles are inter-related with democracy.

Towards Fascism

Thus, more than half the panel think we are fighting for freedom to live our own lives in our own way, for the privilege to choose our own form of government, for democracy.

This, obviously, is a more positive objective than self-preservation. To fight for democracy and freedom is to fight not merely for existence but also for a condition or means of using our existence and life.

No doubt very many would say or agree that we are fighting for democracy, would add, as did a few of the panel, "I can't define it." Some say it no longer means justice, equality of opportunity, and actual economic and social freedom for all, but only for a privileged few—mainly "vested interests." These folk look forward

to some form of socialism or "planned" democracy.

Others again, fairly comfortably placed as regards this world's good things, and sometimes rather thoughtful persons, say that democracy has failed; that, unemployment, lack of foresight concerning the war and apparent slowness in organizing for it, are, they think, proofs of this. And they play with the idea—as yet indefinite and uncertain—of some sort of fascism.

It is the social, economic, and political faults and failures of democracy and the differences of opinion about it, which have lessened its appeal in time of war.

Thus, 12 of the panel said cynically that we are just fighting for the great capitalists and financiers; and another 10, expressing bewilderment as well as cynicism said, "We'd like to know what we are fighting for," "we are fighting for nothing at all. It's just all a—— mess."

Therefore, although a majority of people might say that we are fighting to retain democracy, many of them are not quite sure that it is worth retaining.

The result is an apparent apathy and lack of whole-heartedness of effort and sacrifice, which has been deplored by our leaders from time to time since the outbreak of the war.

Rehabilitation of Democracy

If Democracy is to become an inspiring objective in war and peace, we will have to take at least three steps by way of restoring its prestige and appeal in the hearts of men.

In the first place we must restore mutual trust and confidence, for justice and liberty depend on the manifestation of these qualities between those who are chosen to govern and those who consent to be governed, and between those who are represented and those who are elected or appointed to positions of representation in any sphere of politics and administration.

Unless we can replace the present widespread lack of confidence by a freely-given and sincerely deserved trust, democracy must be a sham.

Wasted: More Political Mindfulness

In the second place, democracy can only work if all, or almost all, citizens are politically minded—if they think and act willingly and intelligently in the government of their country.

Merely to vote because compelled, and according to a vote-catching slogan, often insincere, is to make democracy a farce.

"It is debatable," said one of the panel, "whether the greater number of us, being essentially such ordinary people, would not be better served by a form of dictatorship to do our national thinking for us, while we devote our time to necessary work to enable us to enjoy our social and cultural life."

There you have the bankruptcy of democracy and the handing over of its estate to a brand of fascism. There lies our danger. Democracy implies democrats, and plenty of them.

Perhaps our education system is



"It says 'Congratulations, you have won a cruise ticket for Japan in blossom time!'"

responsible for our lack of political mindedness. If so, let us put it right. No one can be a democrat by proxy. And if we value this condition of individual and social life, we shall all fight to retain and improve it—for the fighting cannot be done by proxy.

Democracy's Purpose

In the third place, democracy must signify some definite social content and purpose—and not merely a condition or means of life. Democracy, combined on the one hand with economic insecurity for a large minority, the socially disinherited, and on the other hand with effective power held in the hands of a very small minority, is no longer thought to be an undegraded blessing, or a desirable goal.

Not is the majority of us satisfied with the view that democracy is mainly a matter of freedom in trading, of unrestricted commercialism.

Greater and greater numbers are maintaining that if democracy is to be worth while, it must ensure social and economic security to all individuals, and put the welfare of human personality above all the dogmas of economic and political theories.

These theories must be framed to secure that well-being; they must not be axioms on which the hopes of thousands upon thousands are battered.

For a World of Security

And so we pass to a group of 13 of the panel who say in one way or another, that we are fighting the war to obtain social and economic security and a better world.

"There will have to be a change after the war," says one.

And another: "We fight not only to repel the aggressor, but also to ensure a reconstruction ideal to make victory worth while. If, after titanic endeavors and sacrifice, victory is achieved, there would be little satisfaction in returning through years of rehabilitation back to the 'as you were.'" Indeed, to do so would be a tragedy.

But we can and will avoid this tragedy. Let the leaders and representatives of all political parties and every plain citizen dedicate themselves here and now to winning social and economic security and personal well-being for everyone, never mind the cost or the changes this may entail!

Do this bravely, and we will make a new world.



★

What, Never?

An American writing to a friend in Japan said in her letter: "I don't know if this letter will arrive because the Japanese censor may open it." Three weeks later the friend received the following notice from the Japanese post office: "The statement in this letter is not correct. We do not open letters."—*Los Angeles Dispatch, U.S.A.*

Mental Bookie: "And that habit of talking to yourself—that's really nothing to worry about."
Puzzled: "Perhaps not. But I'm sick a lot."—*Slate Worker.*

ROMMEL IN THE MAKING



NATHAN BROCH

Background of the Marshal directing the Axis Drive in North Africa

In 1935 I visited the German Colonial Exhibition at Cologne. It was held in the lofty buildings of the "Messe," on the right bank of the Rhine. There, I heard for the first time the name of Erwin Rommel, Hitler's youngest marshal.

I went through all the sections of the exhibition, accompanied by a young lecturer of Cologne university. Most of the show was devoted to Africa, particularly to the former German possessions.

We stopped in front of a big relief of Tanganyika. The young German at my side smiled:

"You'll see, one day Rommel will get it all back for us . . ."

I looked at him, could not quite understand:

"Rommel? Who is he?" I asked.

On that morning I learned a

lot about Erwin Rommel, little things and big ones.

Rommel is Hitler's youngest marshal. He was chosen, because he understood, intuitively, the new Hitler, the chancellor, who denied after his advent to power the basic principles of "Mein Kampf."

The Fuhrer tries desperately to identify himself with Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," and founder of the Reich. German foreign policy, as laid down in "Mein Kampf," is the policy of the younger Bismarck. In his ambition to imitate his famous predecessor, Hitler went through the same political development as Bismarck.

In the beginning of his career, the Iron Chancellor shored colonies. He wanted German expansion inside Europe, perhaps even a Germanised Europe. Only



"Finney, Teddy! Another look and I might've got myself"

in later days, when German exploiters like Wismann and Nachtigal made expensive sweeps of Africa, did he approve of Germany's colonial expansion. He even became one of the most ardent supporters of colonial propaganda within the Reich.

Hitler's demeanour is styled on this example. He was indifferent to colonies in "Mein Kampf," but after his rise to power became a passionate colonial "revisionist."

At this point of his political development, the Fuhrer looked for a military figure, able to inspire German soldiers with belief and confidence in Germany's colonial future.

He found Erwin Rommel.

Though by no means an intellectual, Rommel has a wide knowledge of military science, and has read a lot. From his early days in Bavaria he was definitely "colonial minded."

Deepest influence on Rommel had the German colonial writer Hans Grimm, who lived before the last war in German West Africa. His numerous books stimulated German colonial ambitions, and were eagerly read by Hitler's youngest marshal.

In 1938 Grimm published a study, called "The Englishmen As I See Him." This book, too, had great influence on the Field-Marshal.

He read also the books of Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck, famous German general, whose defence of Tanganyika throughout the last war made him a popular hero of the third Reich. Rommel became Vorbeck's protégé, through the intervention of Franz Xaver

Ritter von Epp.

Von Epp is an old colonial general. Hitler appointed him Reich Leader of the Nazi Party Office for Colonial Policy.

Rommel accompanied General von Lettow-Vorbeck on several of his propaganda journeys throughout the Reich, testing the reaction of the masses to the proposed "revision" of the Versailles treaty.

It appears that he was favourably impressed with the young "material" that crowded the meetings of Lettow-Vorbeck.

From the beginning of the Nazi claims for colonies, it was quite clear that Hitler would use Italian territory to get a foothold on African soil. Once in Africa, his commander (Rommel) would start a little colonial brawl against the gigantic background of a second world war.

These anticipations, current in Nazi circles since many years, came true. Only, the Libyan campaign can hardly be called a little brawl.

In 1934 a remarkable book appeared in France, without attracting the attention it deserved. It described the military organization of the future (now present) war, and was called "Towards the Professional Army." It was written by a famous military theorist, Charles de Gaulle.

The German military attaché in Paris sent several copies of the book to Berlin. One copy fell into the hands of Erwin Rommel. He held at that time already an important staff position in the Reichswehr, but could not read French. He ordered a private translation of de Gaulle's book and started to



"We've had some terrible financial setbacks lately! We didn't win on the currency market and then we missed out on three British contracts!"

study it.

This book that failed to attract the attention of the French general staff, became Rommel's bible, the textbook for all the Nazi conquests in Europe. It taught him more than von Seeckt and Clausewitz together.

De Gaulle and Rommel never met.

1936 saw the German repudiation of Locarno and the publication of an official Nazi memorandum, expecting "that in the course of a reasonable time the question of colonial equality will be adjusted by amicable negotiations . . ."

Rommel kept to his bible and waited.

Rommel's political education in the Reichwehr was mainly directed against the African Mandate Powers, Britain, France, Belgium, and South Africa.

Van Lettow-Vorbeck, one of the founders of the Reichwehr, shaped his African outlook along pre-war, imperial lines.

When Rommel became Hitler's marshal in the north African desert, he recalled these teachings of old. He became the star soldier of the mightiest commercial enterprises in the third Reich: German firms with big African interests, like the Woburn shipping company, backed him into his present position. Goering's powerful "Esenator National Zeitung" keeps his fire burning.

Within the Reichwehr, Rommel is a revolutionary figure. He believes in machines. His tanks in the Libyan desert are the "big ones" of the battered bicycle, on which von Lettow-Vorbeck sur-

vived the East African campaigns of the last war.

The fact that he was able to apply the theories of mechanized warfare to the desert, lent Rommel a scientific glamour far beyond his actual capacities. His titled colleagues, the Junkers from East Prussia, look down on him as an upstart. But he has powerful friends even among the "high-browns."

Goering put his paper, the "Esenator National Zeitung," on the job to glorify the youngest marshal of the third Reich. Rommel felt flattered. The "National Zeitung" is, like Goering's whole circle, very "colonial minded." This is not surprising. Goering's father was at one time governor of German East Africa.

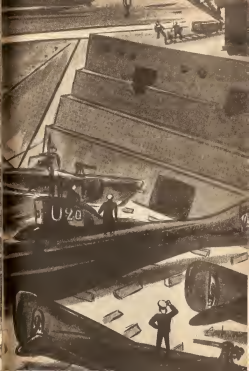
Rommel is in Libya to-day, but he should like to be at Dar-es-Salaam or Windhoek. The Africa Corps is largely his own creation.

The Field-Marshal introduced into his Corps large numbers of "Erganzungs-offiziere," retired officers who volunteered again for service. They are mostly former merchants of Tanganyika or West Africa. They do not wear the special uniform of the High Command, and are not subject to the ordinary regulations governing promotions. Rommel chose them because of their colonial past and experience.

These men who form the "spiritual force" behind the Nazi marshal, are convinced that the Libyan drive will turn south one day, and will bring them back to the former German possessions—and farther.



"Some people have all the luck!"



John Citizen's View

M. E. UPWARD

*Getting to the foot of some trouble at the
old head, where men's rights are guaranteed*

It was a cold wet day at the pre-head—a day of scudding clouds and sleety rain. Out poured the lunch-time crowd and into the murky weather, brave with the liquid pumpings of the inner man.

Of one accord and dauntly trooped they through the slush and mud to a pub conveniently placed just over the way.

"What's the matter Sam?" chided someone, seeing the little fellow's almost superhuman efforts to keep in the vanguard of this advance.

Sam was poorly equipped by nature for this purpose for he was short-legged, meek and puny . . . but his spirit was equal to any other man's. Hobbled now by some mysterious ail, he was indeed a pitiable sight.

"Got a sore toe," grunted little Sam putting on the pace. His face was tortured by effort—and also the fear that he might miss the first round.

Big Mac shot around.

"Hey what's this? he belloved. "Hey wait you fellers. Listen here—Sam here's got a sore toe."

"So what?" muttered the callous, made hard by desire.

Mac and some other philanthropist aided their stricken cobbler into the pub and sat him up at the bar.

"Come on Sam" encouraged Mac kindly—"tell us about yer toe." Sam guzzled happily and slammed down his empty pot.

"Aw come off it" he murmured embarrassed. "It's none of yer Sam's business," he added as a grateful afterthought.

"Now Sam," said Mac sternly, the light of an idealist shining in his eyes, "none of that now. Ain't we all cobbins in the eyes of the union? What's ours is yours and what's yours is ours and if you've gotten yourself a sore toe it's up to us to shure it."

"That's right. You got bad feet, Sam?" enquired the bar-tender with the keen interest of a man himself addicted. "My wife now—she's got the biggest and hardest corns—I wish you could see, but she's upstairs laying off to give them a rest."

"What's the matter with your toe, mate?" asked Blackie pushing towards Sam with a dreamy judicial expression.

Interest was now aroused and poor Sam squirmed with mingled caprice and delight.

"Come on, Sam," urged Mac. "Tell 'em. Did someone tread on yer toe? Have yer been maltreated and abused me little man?"

"Yair" whimpered Sam. "The b— trod on me awright. Goin' out last night in the dark. I



"Haven't you a more detailed map?"

when he did it a purpose."

"Who?"

"What feller?"

"Speak up, Sam—we've wither to a man."

"I dunno," whispered Sam wiping his feathered lips. "I guess it was Mr. White. He was somewhere around."

"High White? That one? It would be for a bet...."

A silence fell. Dark were the looks of the men—and it wasn't all coal-dust either.

"Well, mates..." said Mac and looked around with a look that was like a call to arms. Murmurs of indignation went heard all over the bar and a fight started over in one corner.

"Order," called Blackie, raising the speaker's chair. "Well fellows—you hear that? We got to get the strength of this. Here we have Sam all crippled up and he says it were done on purpose. Are we goin' to take that lyin' down? Are yer goin' to eat on a poll?"

"Who says we are?" asked someone with fer. "Shut up Blackie and let's get goin'."

Back they trooped, as one man, to the Manager's office and that worthy man trembled slightly before the face of injured innocence.

"Well, me men?" he began with a good touch of Old England in his voice.

"See here," said Blackie, getting into his stride. "We got a complaint to make."

"Oh, yes?" muttered the flustered boss with exaggerated gestures of surprise.

"Yess," cried a hundred voices. "We got a complaint to make."

"Well boys," said the Manager, deserting Old England for his mother tongue, "what's the matter now?"

"Our colber here," said Mac—"he's got a real sore toe."

"Show me the toe," quoth the Manager in tones of resignation.

Sam was passed from hand to hand right up to the Manager's desk.

"Show him, boy. Go on Sam. Show him yer toe. Good boy Sam," were heard encouragingly on every side.

"It's here," murmured miserable Sam, indicating the bulging side of his old pig foot.

"Take off your boot," said the Manager in a voice of extreme fatigue. Sam removed his boot. With just that minimum of confidence which surely existed between Androclos and the Lion, he tendered the injured member to the Managerial gaze.

"Well," said Mr. Androclos coldly, "it looks like a bunion to me."

"It were a bunion," said Sammas Lion, emboldened by the pain as fresh air bent against the inflamed joint and it was probed by every eye, "it were a bunion... till yesterday." Angry mutterings arose.

"Well," said the worried executive, "what d'you want me to do? Go and see the doctor, he'll give you something to fix it, I suppose."

"That ain't enough," said Blackie doggedly, "we got to have our rights."

"Yeah, we got to have our rights."

"Ah," said the Manager as though a great light dawned—"I



Mr. Fitzpatrick has a weak heart. You just can't walk in and say you want to buy some salivation."

see Sam's got a banion and you
gutter have your rights."

"That's it. That's it."

"I feel fairly sick in the stom-
ach," said a black-faced gentle-
man daintily. "Socks! that foot—
it's upset me for the day."

"Me too. Me too," came gress-
ing from every side.

"Now boys," said the Manager
gently, and like Mother Macrose
his beaver was all furrowed with
care—"Now boys is that the way
for big boys like you to behave?
Go back to your work and leave
Sammy here to me."

"No, no, don't leave me," cried
Sam as though in terror for his
hide.

"Not on yer sweet life," said big

Mac tenderly. "I'm gain' to take
yer home pal, and tuck yerrap
nice an' cosy in 'ou's little beddy-
bys."

Visibly the Managerial dome
became a shade still whiter as they
trickled out after Mac and Sam
(who now progressed with the
broken gait of a dog with but one
sound foot) like so many mourn-
ful tins tied to his tail.

"Good-bye, Sammy lad. Take
good care of that toe."

Stoutly they set off in the
direction of their homes, with
violence of warm stoves, hot tea—
and the lengthy delight of telling
the Misses all about Sam's sore
toe.



Today's School

There is a growing and a wholesome tendency to recognize that the acquiring of information is not the only or even the chief function of the school, whose primary business is rather to lay the foundation of a true attitude to life. The late G. K. Chesterton once declared that there was "no such thing as secular Education" though there might be something like secular instruction. "What which is not spiritual is not educational," said Cyril Norwood, President of St. John's College, Oxford, who wrote in *The Personality in Some Aspects of Educational Reconstruction* "both the same view of the paramount importance in academic instruction of inculcating ethical, intellectual and aesthetic standards."

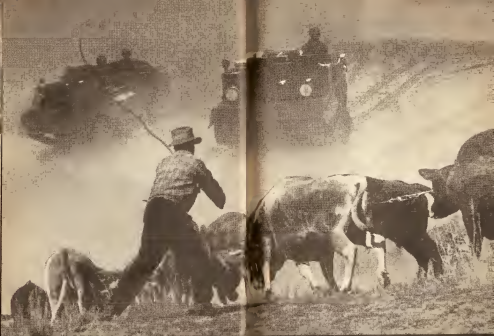
The business of the school is to teach that goodness, truth and beauty are absolute values, and every course of study in the school should be so taught as to illustrate these lessons. The life of the school should be designed and lived as something governed by these standards.

This does not mean making the schools propaganda agencies for any organized religion, but it does call for teaching the eternal virtues common to all faiths and the presentation, year in and year out, by precept, but also by example of worthy ideals for emulation.—*The Joyce Park, London.*

Tryd water taken before a meal is stated to aid the digestion. Maybe so, but the restaurants shouldn't call it soup.—*Dublin Opinion. Eire.*



"Back . . . I"



They cursed, toiled and wrought a nation. We'll curse, **FIGHT**, and keep it.

★ BOOKS ★

... BABEL

Out of this war's end will come a great babel of tongues, a conflict of post-war ideas, a chance for this reform and that. To sort out all the confusion and bring the cold, hard light of reason to bear will be one of the hardest jobs in all history.

It is right and natural that there should be a conflict of ideas. Out of such a conflict only can come a true world reconstruction.

Far, if the whole world spoke in a single tongue, if there were no dissenting voices, the resulting reconstruction would greatly resemble that of the Great War's so-called reconstruction—which was, in effect, no reconstruction at all, but a strict status quo.

Greatest danger that would-be world reformers must guard against is not the argument and (sometimes) bitterness that will arise around post-war reconstruction, but that the status quo, dressed up to look new, different, better is not handed to them.

Therefore, so that there shall be a free interchange of ideas now, *Goodwill* recommends, strongly urges that everyone who is interested in the future of the world be living is, determined that there shall be no more wars, should start to think, talk (and even fight) over new-world reconstruction.

From the pen of J. B. Priestley has come a slim book on the subject: *Out of the People*. It is

either good or bad—depending whether you agree with his findings.

That is not important. But it is important—vitality so, that every man and woman should have some views on the subject. If you have none, *Out of the People* will help you to find some. If it does no more than that, it has done a tremendously important job.

Writes author Priestley: "We often hear people cry: 'Never mind all this writing and talking, get on and do something.'"

"The answer to that is, that at the stage at which most people in this country have arrived, writing for them and talking at them is the best kind of action."

"It is a change of ideas and mental attitudes they primarily need. Already, as I have said, the atmosphere is changing. But even within that changing atmosphere, many people cling, probably with despair, to familiar ideas and try to maintain customary attitudes."

"Others let go, but acquire no new ideas and attitudes, and consequently feel bewildered, frustrated, lost."

"The background has to be thoroughly cleared. Why did the League of Nations fail so disastrously? There are two answers. The first is, that in some things, matters of some importance demanding international co-operation, it did not fail, but did some excellent work."

"The second is that when it came to its main task, the League of Nations failed because the background had never been sufficiently cleared. It could not be international in an atmosphere of

nationalism."

Almost all its delegates went with the object of defeating its primary purpose. They went to see what they could get and not what they could give.

"You cannot expect old-fashioned diplomats to defeat old-fashioned diplomacy. The League could succeed with international labor or hygiene problems because the men appointed to attend its sessions on these problems were genuinely international in their outlook."

"But nobody ought to have been foolish enough to imagine that Foreign Offices could be international in their outlook. If they were, they would not be called Foreign Offices."

"All those people who press for the establishment of the machinery of reform before the atmosphere, the ideas and attitudes of people have been changed, should remember the League."

"Its machinery was complicated enough to satisfy the most exacting of such minds. No idle talk and nonsense there. It was the very pattern of all that these people ask to be achieved at once, a supreme example of getting on and doing something."

"But it was done far too early. The mistakes of Geneva were merely the reflections of the mistakes of London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, and all the other capitals."

"There were plenty of well-meaning people in all these cities, people who felt that the establishment of the League meant the start of a new international order."

"But it was not these people

who went to Geneva, or even sent their own representatives there. They were being represented in the League of Nations Union but not in the League of Nations."

"Now if the spirit of the former had really dominated the public mind everywhere, then the league would have succeeded."

"But the machinery was brought into existence before there was time to change the atmosphere, the ideas and attitudes of the people and their representatives, with the result that the machinery was wrecked."

"A further mistake is to suppose that changing the atmosphere, and ideas, and clearing the background are easy, whereas stringing up the machinery of reform in the foreground is hard, tough, a man's job."

"The fact is, once the first has been thoroughly done, the second is easy. We are good with machinery. We have plenty of tidy legal minds."

"We have now arrived at a period when, whether you like it or not, something must be done."

"(So) The man who cries 'Never mind all this writing and talking, get on and do something,' must be asked to be patient, for there must of necessity be more writing and talking, in order that we can understand what it is we want and why we want it."

Out of the People will help you clear the atmosphere, discover what you want, why you want it. Far, unless you decide these things, your post-war complacency will doom your children to another war in twenty years.

(Angus and Robertson, Sydney. 4/3).

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

MAY 10: In the Ukraine, von Back had started a counter-offensive against Russia's left flank, 70 odd rifles from Kharkov. In the Pacific, for the time being, things were quiet, both aerially and navally.

MAY 11: In the Ukraine, a battle seemed to be looming. Allied aircraft raided Dili, Kaping, in the north, brought down four (30 per cent.) Japanese 'planes over Moscow.

MAY 12: Russia's Kharkov had slowed down; the big summer push was yet to come. In China, the Japanese had made a new landing, near Foochow were engaged in heavy fighting.

MAY 14: Around the Ukraine, a big battle was still raging. In China fighting was going on in Chekiang Province, and below Foochow. In Australia's near north, Ambroma, Lee, Rabaul were being attacked.

MAY 15: After a short lull, Nazi Army was again attacking Kharkov. Over Vostokov Allied bombers carried out one of their near daring raids.

MAY 17: Germany's flank attack against Timoshenko's Ukraine army had been checked. In Libya, the enemy was moving slowly, tentatively.

MAY 18: There was growing activity in Libya; Rommel was attacking the British left flank.

Around Kharow (China) 4,000 Japanese had been killed in one day. In the north, continued blasting, counter-blasting.

MAY 19: In the desert north-east of Bar Hakeim a tank battle was raging. The Red Army still held the initiative. In China, and Chekiang, the Jap had used gas around Chekiang. Mexico joined the war on the side of the United Nations.

MAY 21: Upwards of 1,000 bombers attacked the Ruhr and Rhineland in a one-night smash-attack. Main objective Cologne. In Libya, "The situation was not unfavorable," said a Cairo Communicator.

Into Sydney harbor streaked some odd Japanese submarines. Four were promptly sunk.

MAY 1: South of Acroma (Libya) the tank battle was still raging. In Australia's near north, attack and counter-attacking.

MAY 2: Across to Essen (nervicentre of Krupp's arms-works) went Britain's second 1,900-bomber raid. In the House of Commons Prime Minister Churchill was "satisfied with . . . the battle in Libya . . . Rommel's offensive has gone awry," said he.

MAY 3: From the R.A.F., another big blow against Essen, causing more fires. In China, Japanese progress; in Russia, a lull.

MAY 4: Around Australia's coast, some submarine attacks were going on. In Libya, a new battle had opened north of Bar Hakeim. The Chinese were being hard-pressed; R.A.F. was still pounding Germany.

MAY 5: Two Jap submarines, probably a third had been sunk off



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1/6 and 1/8 all chemists and stores

KRUSCHEN
the Tonic Salts

KEEP MILLIONS OF PEOPLE FIT

Australia's east coast. Midway Island was being attacked by Japan.

JUNE 7: Around Midway the Jap had lost many ships in a great battle—biggest since the Pacific War began.

JUNE 8: In the early morning, one Japanese submarine lightly shelled Sydney, another Newcastle, doing little damage. From the Midway battle the Japanese fleet was withdrawing after heavy losses.

JUNE 8: On the Aleutian Islands' western tip some Japanese landings had been made. In Libya: confused fighting. Around Sebastopol, after a 210-day siege, large-scale German attacks flared up.

JUNE 11: Around Knightsbridge (Tobruk) a battle was looming. Fighting around Kharkov and Sebastopol grew fiercer. Day-after-day the R.A.F. pounded Germany and occupied countries.

JUNE 14: In the Pacific (Coral Sea and Midway) the Jap had lost 18 ships, had upwards of 27 damaged. There was heavy fighting in Libya, little news of the Aleutians, another great U.S. force in Ireland, evidence that the Russians were still holding at Sebastopol.

JUNE 15: For Darwin a 27-bomber raid. Spotlight was falling over Tobruk.

JUNE 16: From Gassala (Libya) the British had withdrawn; in the Mediterranean, a reinforcing convoy was being pounded by the *Luftwaffe*.

JUNE 16: According to the British an attempt to encircle Tobruk had been smashed. In Russia battle was growing fiercer hourly.

JUNE 16: Reluctantly, Cairo admitted that Tobruk was nearly surrounded. For Port Moresby: in 61st raid. Sebastopol still held.

JUNE 16: The British had withdrawn into Egypt. Prime Minister Churchill had arrived in the U.S.

JUNE 21: According to the Germans, Tobruk had surrendered. Despite terrific onslaughts, Sebastopol grimly, gamely held.

JUNE 21: According to the British, Tobruk had surrendered.

JUNE 22: According to Mr. Antler (Deputy Prime Minister) substantial reinforcements were arriving in Egypt. Libya had been lost through "General Blundering."

JUNE 24: In Britain, the country hoarse-mad about Libya, demanding blood. Russians around Kharkov and Sebastopol still stood valiantly.

JUNE 25: Enemy units had advanced upwards of 70 miles into Egypt; Japan appeared to be readying for a drive into Siberia.

JUNE 26: Across to Beermen, another 1,000-bomber raid. The Russians lost Kapsinik, Romania was spreading into Egypt.

JUNE 26: Axis forces had reached Meissa Matruh; Sebastopol still held. Home from the U.S. to face his angry public was Churchill.

JUNE 26: The Battle for Egypt had begun; the U.S., a Churchill-Roosevelt statement had been issued, promising action. Russia was holding strongly.

JUNE 28: According to the Axis, Meissa Matruh had fallen to their forces. Around Kursk, Germany had launched a new offensive.

STOP WEARING GLASSES

Modern scientific research has discovered that 95 out of every 100 people wearing glasses to-day need not do so. It has also proved definitely that those who fear they will need glasses are fearing needlessly.

Glasses are merely "eye crutches" and, at their best, just bolster up the eyes and do nothing to improve them. Glasses do not get at the cause of any eye weakness or defect—they merely relieve a condition. Actually the eyes become weaker when glasses are worn. This is evidenced by the fact that, as time goes on, those wearing glasses must frequently change them and get stronger lenses each time.

The Eye Culture system of eye training reverses this process. It ensures natural sight — glasses being unnecessary.

Eye culture is Nature's own method of correcting eye trouble. It is based upon an exact scientific knowledge of the whole human system, as it is related to the eyes. By Eye Culture, congestion and strain are eliminated, the eye muscles strengthened, and the eyes gradually restored to their normal condition. It is a positively safe and harmless system for young and old alike. A short time daily with Eye Culture renders glasses absolutely unnecessary, relief and improvement being experienced within an amazingly short time.

NO DROPS, NO DRUGS, NO OPERATION, NO GLASSES

The practice of Eye Culture

causes no inconvenience, loss of time or hard work. Drops, drugs and operations have no place in the simple treatment which is easily understood, and can be practiced in the privacy of your own home, or whilst you are working. It need not interfere in any way with your ordinary daily routine. Gradually but surely it will restore to you that clear vision which Nature intended.

Further facts about Eye Culture, together with information regarding your eyes, and their effect upon your general health, is contained in a booklet, "Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses," which can be had on request. If you are disfiguring your features, adding years to your age, suffering discomfort and weakening your sight by wearing glasses, send for this booklet at once. Learn how Eye Culture can so re-strengthen your sight that you will be able to discard your glasses for ever in a very short while.

CONSULTATION AND ADVICE IS FREE

If you wish to be rid of glasses, even though you've worn them for years, or wish to prevent the necessity to wear glasses, call or write NOW, enclosing a 2d. stamped envelope, describing your eye trouble, for the free Booklet "Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses," to Eye Culture No. 31—St. James Building (11th Floor), 107 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W., or to Eye Culture No. 31—National Bank Chambers, 182 Queen Street, Brisbane (next door to Finney's). (Advt.)

POTPOURRI



• • • I GIVE YOU MY SON

To mothers who say, "I did not hear my son to be killed by a German bomb," We say:

"What particular death had you in mind for him when you bore him? Malaria or cancer, pneumonia or tuberculosis? . . . You did not imagine any death for your son; you did not think of death at all; you thought about life. There was a time when you knew that life was worth living . . . If life can be made worth while, death will not matter at all."

—Dorothy L. Sayers in *Begin Here*.

• • • SMALL INSULT

An actor went into a Chinese restaurant where he had dined frequently and after he had finished his meal, the proprietor said, "I would like you to meet my little son." He called him, a lad about six. After speaking to the boy, the actor said, "he's a cute little chap." The boy quickly said, "I'm no Jap. I'm Chinese."

—New York Post, U.S.A.

• • • PRINT PLEASE

Having been introduced to Angus B. Reack at a dinner party, Thackeray persisted in calling him "Mr. Reetch," as anybody would. But Angus B. wanted his name to

be pronounced "Re-ack," and he was much distressed at Thackeray's repeated "Mr. Reetch."

Finally surmounting up his courage, he said reproachfully: "Mr. Thackeray, my name is 'Re-ack,' and not 'Reetch.'"

The novelist took his reproval in serious silence, for he disliked being corrected. His chance for a reply came when the fruit was being passed. Handing the basket over to his antagonist with a pronounced gesture of mock ceremony, he remarked dryly: "My Dear Mr. Reack, allow me to offer you a pe-ack."

—*Christian Science Monitor*, U.S.A.

Laughter is a shock absorber. He who laughs—lives.

Kitchener Record, Canada.

• • • QUENCH THE FLAMES

One night, the family house catches fire. The head of the house takes ruthless charge. He gives orders without courtesy or consultation. He unceremoniously carries grandmother downstairs and drops her on the lawn. He handles the howling baby in a blanket and tosses it, head first, to his son on the ladder. In his need to get at the fire, he smashes toys, dishes, hairbrushes. Is there fascism or totalitarianism? Oh, course not! When the fire is out, each member of the family will resume his



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Advertisement of Authorized Wireless Valve Co. Pg. 148

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HOLD ALL YOU HAVE—
BUY ALL YOU CAN—

rights, privileges, freedoms. Because from the start, there was mutuality, understanding. Because there was love.

—*Waldo Frank in "Our America, 1942."*

• • • THIS IS THE LIFE

I know a most delightful man whose enjoyment of life is unique in our tense and hurried struggle for existence. "I don't want to be first," he once told me. "If I go fishing, I don't have to catch the biggest trout. If I go to the movies, I don't have to have the best seat. Let the other fellow fight and juggle for these things. I'm going to enjoy life without this terrible competition."

And he does. He is relaxed, deliberate, genial. He has time for friends. He enjoys the little things that go to make up life. And oddly enough, he is often the winner at tennis, fishing, golf.

—*Margaret Gruen Litt, in "Speed-up of School Spirit."*

• • • CLOUDS OVER LONDON

The current story on London's damp weather tells of the Australian soldier who, after having experienced many weeks of continued rain weather, looked up at the barrage balloons over the city and quietly remarked: "Why don't they put 'em loose and let the place sink?"

—*Sandra Observer, Canada.*

• • • SILVER LININGS

A silver compound has recently been developed by which cups, glasses, bottle caps, bathroom fixtures, telephone mouthpieces and other possible disease germ carriers

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food bills, electricity and gas bills



...and you save Housework, too!

The purchase of Pyrex is an investment that always pays dividends. It is a sound wartime policy . . . and saves you money in many ways. Because you can get more flavour, more food value, out of cheaper cuts of meat, you save on food bills. Because Pyrex cooking is quick and easy, you save on fuel bills. And serving your meals straight from the oven to the table in attractive clear Pyrex adds appetite-appeal to any dish. There's "good taste" in the food and in the service when you serve it in Pyrex.

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can be made self-sterilizing.

Dr. Alexander Goets, the inventor, has exhibited a drinking cup of plastic composition at the California Institute of Technology, the top of which was rigged with this compound.

"Suppose that a typhoid fever carrier drank out of this cup at a restaurant," he said. "Within a minute after he had finished using it, the silver would have killed the germs and it could be used safely by another customer."

Dr. Goets, a physician, pointed out that ordinary silverware is not germ-proof, although it is safer than wood and other metals used. He estimated that the amount of silver it takes to make a silver-plating ring around the top of a cup or glass would cost one-tenth of a cent and that under ordinary use it would last as long as china, plastic, or glass.

—New York Post, U.S.A.

• • • OUT OF SIGHT

A Londoner got on a bus, carrying a hundred-pound beard, and sat down.

"What's that you've got on your lap?" asked the conductor.

"A delayed-action bomb I'm taking to the Police station," was the explanation.

"Good grief," shouted the conductor, "you don't want to carry a dangerous thing like that on your lap. Put it under the seat."

—*Times* as "A Love O' Type or Two," Chicago Tribune, U.S.A.

• • • A TALK ON POLICY

Anxious about a vessel which was long overdue, Jacob Barker, Quaker shipowner of Nantucket,

called at the office of a local insurance company, and frankly admitting his concern, applied for a policy on vessel and cargo. The agent asked for time in which to investigate, but on the day agreed upon for a decision, no news—good or bad—had been received by the insurance company. That morning Honest Jacob stopped on his way to the wharves.

"If there has not made out that policy, that needs't, for I have heard from my vessel."

"But Friend Jacob!" exclaimed the chagrined agent "the underwriters have accepted the risk and the policy is here." He handed it to the old man.

The Quaker sighed. "A Friend's word is his bond," he said, and counted out the gold for the premium.

"Yes, I have heard from her, Friend," he continued. "She went to the bottom last month and with all aboard."

—*Effusion Early*, in "An Island Patchwork."

• • • DID YOU SAY 'BOPSP'?

An amateur water diverter is an Australian regiment in Egypt was demonstrating his prowess before a somewhat sceptical audience when the rod suddenly sprang out of his hands and gave "a series of hops" on the ground.

Excavation unearthed a large consignment of bottled beer that had presumably been buried in 1916 and forgotten.

—*Onlooker* in the *Elephantine Record*.



CALTEX A.R.P.

SUPPLEMENT . . .

The motto of CALTEX is "Serve the Nation. The needs of the Allied war machines are colossal. Our total resources are harnessed them to meet this need."

And, while our products are serving with the Army, the Navy and the Air Force, our civilian customers' essential needs on the home front are not overlooked. We are here to serve to the best of our ability.

As an organization in the community, we believe our job is to help at home as well as in the entire fighting. In this belief, we present this A.R.P. Supplement. We trust this information will prove of interest and value to you.

CALTEX LIMITED



BLEEDING AND PRESSURE

Bleeding is serious business and pressure is the answer—Location of the pressure points, and how to use them.

More than anything else first aid should mean one special thing to the general public. That one thing is simply the prevention of bleeding.

Injured arteries and veins can cause death in a very short time, but the simple application of direct pressure, a tourniquet, or by means of a pad and bandage, can stop many a tragedy, save many a life. In any case, direct pressure should be applied while tourniquets or pads are being secured.

The big question is, where should these things be applied? If a patient is bleeding freely from the neck (one of the severest and swiftest bleeding points) how is the flow of blood to be stopped? You cannot pull a tourniquet tight around anybody's neck.

So it is necessary to know thoroughly those special places known as pressure points.

Pressure points are places where veins and arteries can be fastened to



Picture 1 shows the right way to stop bleeding from the temporal artery.



2

Picture 2 shows the subclavian being pressed down on to the top rib.

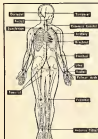


Chart shows the location of the potential pressure points. Their place on the body can only be ascertained by constant practice.

cut off the flow of blood. They are places where the veins and arteries are near the surface, and also running beside a bone of the body. Being near the surface they can be flattened by the pressure of a finger; and as they run near a bone they should be pressed against this bone.

For example, if a patient is bleeding freely from a wound in the bend of the elbow, or high on the forearm (i.e., just below the elbow), how is the flow of blood down that artery to be stopped? There is a point on the upper arm where the artery is near the surface and can be compressed back against a bone. And if pressure is applied to this point, it will stop bleeding anywhere between that point and the tip of the fingers, because it cuts off the blood supply to that much of the arm.

But if this is done for a prolonged period, the flesh of the arm will begin to mortify from lack of blood. Therefore, every fifteen to twenty minutes the pressure must be released to allow new blood to flow through the limb. Thus, new blood circulating, the pressure is supplied for a further fifteen to twenty minutes.

This is extremely important whenever pressure is used.

The pressure points are best remembered according to the sections of the body where they are placed.

THE HEAD AND NECK...

CAROTID ARTERY, among the quickest bleeders, is in the neck (figure 3), and is stopped by pressure of the thumb against the artery, pushing it against the vertebrae, but taking care to avoid constricting the windpipe.

FACIAL ARTERY, crosses the lower jaw in a slight hollow two fingers' breadth in front of the angle. It sends branches to the chin, lip, cheek and outside of the nose, and is the one to be stopped for bleeding at these places. Pressure of the thumb at the point exactly located is the method.

TEMPORAL ARTERY passes in where its pulsation may be felt. Bleeding from the region of the



From the temporal artery bleeding can cause death in a few minutes; it is a difficult pressure point to deal with, and pressure is applied with thumb.

scalp may be stopped by pressure in front of the upper part of the ear, the point shown in photograph 1.

OCCIPITAL ARTERY supplies branches to the region of the scalp, from behind the ear to the back of the head. The pressure points are situated on the back of the head at either side, almost level with the tops of the ears.

Pressure with finger or thumb will stop bleeding at this point, and may be used so long as there is no broken bone accompanying the cut. If there is a break in the bone, pressure might drive a bone splinter into the brain with tragic if not fatal results. Therefore the ring pad is used in this region. A ring pad is a tightly twisted ring of cloth designed to fit over the wound; it applies pressure all round, but not on the wound itself. The pressure stops the bleeding, and the hollow centre of the pad keeps pressure off the actual break, in consequence removing the danger of bone being driven inward.

THE UPPER LIMBS...

SUBCLAVIAN ARTERY (figure 2), passes from a point behind the inner end of the collarbone, across the first rib to the armpit. It is an important pressure point, and the method

of applying pressure is detailed:

1. Place the neck and upper chest.
2. Place the arm against the body so as to depress the shoulder, bend the head towards the injured side.
3. Stand opposite the shoulder.
4. Using left hand for patient's right artery, and vice versa, grasp the neck low down, placing fingers behind the shoulder and thumb immediately above the centre of the collarbone in the hollow between the muscles attached to the base.
5. Press the thumb deeply downwards and backwards against the first rib, which is beneath the collarbone at this spot.

AXILLARY ARTERY is a continuation of the subclavian just described, and follows close to the shoulder joint. It can be felt pulsating when the fingers are deeply pressed into the armpit. Digital pressure here is difficult.

For the axillary artery pad and bandage are better. A hard pad the size of a billiard ball is placed in the armpit, the centre of a narrow bandage is laid on the pad, the bandage crossed over the shoulder. Ends of the bandage are then pulled tight and tied under the opposite armpit. In doing this care must be taken that the pad covering the pressure point does not slip. The forearm is then



front and the limb tied tightly to the trunk with a broad bandage applied on a level with the elbow.

BRACHIAL ARTERY. Compression of the axillary, runs down the arm on the inner side of the biceps muscle, gradually passing forward till it reaches the middle of the front of the elbow.

Pressure is applied by standing behind the patient, passing the hand under the back of the arm to the groove on the inside of the biceps muscle. Use the palm, not the tips of the fingers to press on the artery.

This artery may also be compressed by flexion, i.e., by bending the arm to bring the hand level with the shoulder. Before this is done a pad (a folded handkerchief, even the roll of a shirt-sleeve will do) is placed in the bend of the arm.

ULNAR AND RADIAL ARTERIES are the two branches of the brachial artery in the forearm. It is one of these that is felt when the pulse is taken at the wrist. To stop bleed-

ing here pressure is applied on both sides of the wrist. A cork (or lengthwise is laid against each artery, rounded side to the flesh, then bound tightly with a bandage, to stop bleeding at this point.

PALM OF THE HAND. Bleeding can easily occur here, and is best arrested by applying a pad over the cut and making the patient grasp it firmly. Then a bandage is applied firmly over the fingers and around the hand. The limb is raised.

FINGER-BLEEDING, usually not serious, is dealt with by means of a small pad being placed over the wound and secured with a piece of tape, linen, or plaster.

THE LOWER LIMBS . . .

THE FEMORAL ARTERY enters the thigh in the centre of the fold of the groin, where it may be felt pulsating immediately below the surface of the skin. A line drawn from the centre of the groin to the inner side of the back part of the knee would indicate the course of the artery. Like the axillary artery, it is a quick, serious bleeder. Picture shows pressure being applied to the femoral artery.

The procedure is —

1. Lay the patient on his back.
2. Kneel beside the patient, facing the feet.
3. Raise the foot high, so as to flex the thigh, the fold of the clothing at the top of the thigh will indicate the groin.
4. Place the thumb on the other upon the pressure point, grasping the thigh with the hands.
5. Press firmly against the bend of the palm. As there is immediate danger of death it is important not to waste time in removing trousers.

No really satisfactory tourniquet has been designed for compression at this point, but a tourniquet can be used at a place where it is possible to tie a bandage around the leg. The pad of the tourniquet should be the arm of a towel, belt, and must be placed over the artery as close to the digital pres-

sure point as possible. It is difficult to maintain pressure long with the fingers for any length of time, so re-lays should be used to keep up the pressure until a doctor arrives.

But the injury's thumb should apply pressure before the original pressure is released.

POPLITEAL ARTERY is the equivalent on the leg to the brachial in the arm, and may be stopped at a number of ways — by flexing the leg (drawing up the foot so that the knee is bent) and a pad (or rolled up trouser leg) is placed in the bend of the knee to give pressure. The leg is then tied up with a bandage, which is taken round ankle and thigh.

POSTERIOR AND ANTERIOR TIBIAL ARTERIES are situated at the ankle. The posterior artery may be felt pulsating behind the lower bone on the inner side of the ankle. Pressure may be applied to these points either with fingers or pad and bandage.

As has been stressed, and cannot be

overstressed, these pressure points must not only be known by location, but must also be easily and quickly located. In other words, anybody who expects to be able to stop bleeding efficiently must have practice in finding these points.

Another fact which cannot be overstressed is that wherever the application of pressure cuts off the flow of blood from a limb, the pressure must be released every fifteen or twenty minutes so that new blood flows through to prevent the limb mortifying.

In order that this is never forgotten, details of how applied arms be marked clearly on the patient. An approved method of marking is shown in photographs herewith. Detail is written in large letters on the patient's forehead, as tags may get torn off, or be overlooked.

The photographs illustrating this article have been lent to Colfax Ltd. by courtesy of PIX.



3
The carotid artery is pressed back against the vertebrae, care being taken not to constrict the windpipe.



IN A BLACKOUT

THINK BEFORE YOU WALK!

Line Engaged

MAY MEAN TRAGEDY

IN A RAID—DON'T USE THE PHONE PRIVATELY



BOMBS HAVE THEIR LIMITS

Against evidence the effectiveness of bombs is small.

After nearly two years of bombing, England, with a population of 45,000,000 people, had a death toll of 45,000, or a little less than 1 per cent.

It is wrong and bad to imagine that any form of bomb can cause unlimited evil. It is certain, of course, that direct hits are fatal to those working underground but not all bombs register direct hits, for a large percentage of any city—London and New York about 90 per cent—is open ground.

The primary aim of bombing is not the destruction of human life, though some such destruction is inevitable. The fragmentation bomb, the one that is really designed to wipe out houses, is used on troop columns rather than on civilians.

Incendiary and demolition bombs, which usually cause incalculable loss

of life, are designed primarily for material destruction and havoc.

Incendiaries, perhaps the best understood of all bombs, and the easiest to deal with, are aimed to start small fires which will spread.

The High Explosive or H.E. bomb is designed to demolish buildings with the power of its blast. The bomb itself as the impact explodes the charge, then bursts into thousands of fragments which travel swiftly over a wide radius. Behind this destructive shower comes blast. If the bomb explodes in the earth it transmits shock waves through the ground.

Over exaggeration of the horrors of bombs should be avoided as well as under-statement. Bombs are not harmless or superhuman in their destructive scope. At the worst, bomb attacks are no more than sporting odds.



Well-supported building with corner of earth shock disintegrates on its foundations. Shattering action of air blast blows in the walls already riddled by fragments.



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